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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXI No. 2101 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC APRIL 27 1940

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, April 27, 1940

LONDON WELCOMES THE MEN OF H.M.S. "HARDY"

The First Lord Addressing the Men on the Horse Guards' Parade

On Friday evening of last week London gave the fifty-three men of H.M.S. *Hardy*, who had had an astonishing experience on the shores of Narvik Fiord, a rousing welcome. The approaches to Euston Station were thronged and the men received cheer after cheer as they moved off towards the Admiralty, where they were welcomed and addressed by Mr. Winston Churchill. The men wore the oddest of garments, gay pullovers, sports kit, and overcoats of varying pattern provided for them by their Norwegian friends. Most of the men had divested themselves of a great deal of clothing when they swam through the icy waters to the shore. They appeared before the First Lord just as they had landed at a northern port the day before. Their own leader (seen just behind Mr. Churchill), Lieut.-Commander Mansell, was wearing a complete ski-ing suit. Mr. Churchill welcomed the men both for themselves and as representatives of the destroyer flotillas who are serving the country so gallantly in many waters

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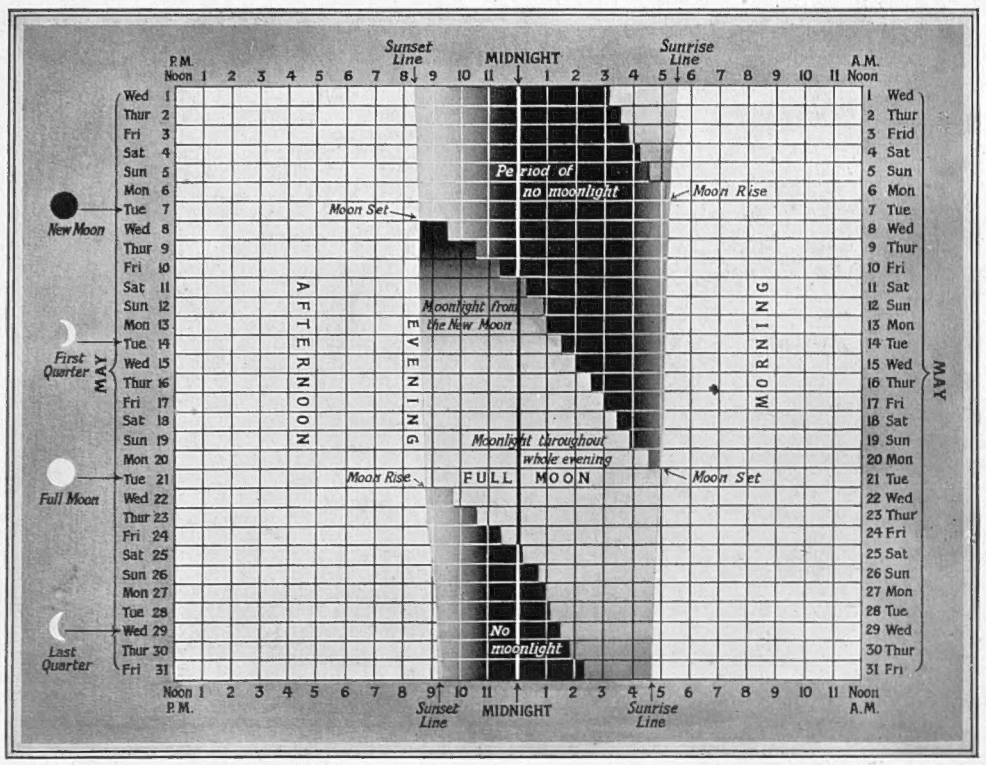
A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. XXXIV

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

WAITING FOR NEWS.

—Which is the greater strain in a war for national existence, to follow its incidents and key episodes from the trenches in France or from one's still peaceful home in England? I have tried both and am in no doubt. In the late war there was no wireless in every dugout and home and billet, and for one reason and another the epic sideshows, Gallipoli, Zeebrugge, Palestine, Marmora, and so forth, could not be studied by those at home or at the front in such detail and so contemporaneously as all have been able to follow this epic in Norwegian waters and on Norwegian land. None the less, the nerve strain, which must leave its mark on us all, is felt heaviest in this war also by those at home. On active service, at the fronts, one's viewpoint is much narrower and one is far more preoccupied with the details of a little sector and with the daily necessities of existence. For our fighting men engaged in, off and over Norway, it is "all in a day's work." There is no time for them to indulge the imagination. Pride and confidence mingle with our anxiety as we wait, at home, unable to concentrate on anything else, for the next bulletins of the progress of our arms on land and sea. The wisest of us keep our guesses to ourselves, we refuse to canvas rumour, we wait for official facts and try to be patient, for we know we are not forgotten, and our natural anxiety is understood and when possible relieved. The nervous system is less strained by an ant's view of a momentous battle than by an eagle's—of that I have no doubt. Well that it is so! We need not be ashamed of our tension. God knows it is not "jitters" but the finest kind of nerve strain—that of the trained athlete who goes in no fear of defeat but is spoiling for records. It is none the less severe because our anxieties are not for ourselves but for others. The landings came as a surprise to no one in Britain. Many saw our troops starting by road and rail, and out to sea. Many of us could have put our pencil points on one or two of the chosen landing places within a very few miles. We were content to wait for news, believing as we do in our command of the sea and in the efficacy of our air arms to mitigate the enemy's air potential. We know that this struggle will be vital, bitter, and probably long and that the fog of war will hang over every stage of it. Norway can only be freed by land operations, but ships and aeroplanes will play a tremendous part, on both sides a vital part. For both sides need to be supplied and reinforced constantly and both sides must employ the air arm decisively in major engagements and constantly to harass the enemy. Already we have gone far to render Norwegian aerodromes untenable by the Nazis and it is to be hoped we may next turn our attention to Danish landing grounds in Nazi occupation.



"THE SPHERE'S" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR MAY: With the lengthening of daylight, the period influenced by the moon shrinks materially for the month of May. The half light of dusk operates in the early days of the month, and about the 10th and 11th the slender crescent moon begins to shed useful light. By the 16th most people will not be incommoded by any complete darkness. Full moon is on the 21st, rising at 8.45 p.m. Towards the end of the month a very narrow period of no moonlight begins, but the hours of darkness are those which would affect theatregoers

BLOSSOM TIME.

—The light is coming back and the colour and the blossom. For a fortnight the leaves of the larch, the birch, the chestnut, the elm, will be in that perfection of virgin purity which gives us the finest rapture of the year. And all over England and France (and in Germany) the cherries and maples, rhododendrons and azaleas, daffodils and primroses, are colouring the land once more, while away to the northwards, the flower of youth is being struck down and withered. There is no rapture in the spring for any of us this year, and consolation only in the reflection, tragic enough, that the sacrifices in the north are bringing light to the countries to which already spring has returned. For with the blossom of flowers and the light of the sun, the light of truth is dawning at last and justice putting forth buds. The truth is emerging, in Kiel and in Antwerp. The ships and crews which sailed thence return no more. The bitter truth comes to port in their place . . . "Our idols have feet of clay; our God an ass's ears." It is blossom time over much of Germany, a lovely season which the greatest of German artists have nobly celebrated in poetry and music. But there are in Germany to-day no artists of sufficient merit and vision as yet to celebrate the signs that a more wonderful spring is returning to that unhappy land. But so it is; the hatches are smashed and there are signs—faint but unmistakable—that the truth will not forever be battened down. And then, Oh, Hitler, then Oh, Goebbels, your lusts and lies will come home to you.

NEUTRAL OPINION.—

And what did the neutrals say about it all, the fact of laying those minefields in Norwegian waters, the *facts* of the Allied sea-power, as evidenced by the crippling losses suffered by the Nazi fleet? Their expressed opinions were very exact thermometer readings of their war temperatures. Until the Scandinavian gamble not one had a normal temperature, not one could afford to view the war with the calm courage of a clear mind and a clean conscience. Some had very cold feet indeed and very hot heads, others had tired hearts and nervous palpitations, sub-normal temperatures. For those nearest the danger-point one could not but feel sympathy, while one despised the humiliating and unenviable position into which cowardice and lack of vision had brought them. There would have been no war, nay, no Munich, if the Scandinavian countries, if the Low Countries, if the Balkan States, above all, if America had had the moral conscience, the vision, nay, the common sense to declare in unison and unequivocally their condemnation of Germany's total disregard of all the laws of God and man and to make preparation to resist together threats to the integrity and neutrality of their blocs. It seems that Sweden was prepared to join in a Scandinavian bloc more than a year ago. But the other States refused. For seven months the neutral countries, not openly pledged to moral support of the Nazis, have, daring neither to praise nor to criticise, kept the ring to watch the Allies fighting under P.R. rules and the Nazis kicking and punching below the belt, and up to to-day the bulk of them have shrilled out their righteous indignation when the Allies began to play *cet animal méchant* and to defend themselves against neutral cowardice and Nazi piracy. To-day some of these surviving little nations begin to jump—in our direction. The Allies may soon be appreciated as the "big brothers," when Hitler's dilemma grows even more apparent. And then? Then, I suppose, we shall shrug our shoulders and suffer them to enjoy the fruits of the victory which will mean even more to them than to us who, despite them, will secure it. And what of Italy, chattering and cursing us on its hurdy-gurdy? We know now the help promised to Hitler by Mussolini in the Brenner Pass. Twelve army corps of bitter words and a fleet of shrill insults, fully trained and equipped by the most scurrilous press (save one) in the world. And while they chatter and curse, their beady eyes watch, ready to jump according to the outcome of the issue in and off Norway. And what of America? We who have friends there know of the humiliation which many of them must be feeling when they learn of Britain's swiftly changing opinion of America's sincerity and *guts*, when they read the lamentable proofs of American benightedness seen daily in the columns of so much of their provincial press.

CURSES OF CIVILISATION.

—Even I was astonished by the endorsement given to a single sentence in a recent *Newsletter* stating my view that the inventions which made possible flying and broadcasting had proved the greatest curses which had ever fallen on the human race. Letters poured in, and alas! must remain unanswered individually. The "ayes" had it by seven to one. Of course there were those who reminded me (as if I needed reminding!) of the blessings of wireless to the blind, to shipwrecked mariners, and so on. But the bitterness and strength of detestation expressed by a variety of correspondents from all over Britain, for the evil uses to which these two great inventions have been put, is a revelation to me. Why do you think this snowstorm of endorsement fell upon me? I know the answer: These are the weapons, poisoned and sharpened, which have made possible the temporary successes of the world's vilest dictators and aggressors. It is these fine, potential blessings for mankind which, perverted to base uses, have destroyed peace, freedom, security and fellowship for the nations.

SENDING PAPERS ABROAD.

—I have myself been caught napping about the war-time regulations of the dispatch abroad of newspapers and books, and for my own guidance and that of readers whom I may have misled, I quote the existing rules: The Government will not allow any books or papers to be sent out of the country unless these are sent direct from the publishing houses concerned — and then only if covered with a certificate from the publisher declaring that they have been packed "by British-born subjects of undoubted integrity and loyalty." The reasons for this rule are, of course, obvious when examined, and it is well to give them fresh publicity.

MR. CASEY, OF AUSTRALIA.

— The territory of Australian politics and party politics is an unexplored jungle to me. I have not the youthful vigour necessary to explore it and open it out. I think of Australia broadly as a young, healthy, vigorous country, with great self-confidence and courage, a fine and proper loathing for Nazi barbarities and all forms of tyranny and enslavement of liberty, and with a very critical judgment, often trenchantly expressed, of the methods of government employed by nations of the Old World, including Britain, in general and in the conduct of the war. Exceptionally, I took special interest in the recent publicity which has invested Mr. R. Casey, often described as Australia's Anthony Eden. He is by all accounts a capital fellow, who won his D.S.O. as a gunner in the late Great War and is now an experienced pilot. In politics he has won a name in recent years in Australia and made a close study of air transport problems. He held, indeed, a key position on the political chessboard in Australia, when he elected to cut politics and go to America as Australia's diplomatic representative there. Perhaps he saw ahead to a coming change in the political alignment in Australia. Perhaps he was tired of the eternal wrangle. Or perhaps, still seeing ahead, he looked to a day when there would be a far closer alliance of interest between Australia and America, for political and economic benefits, not excluding mutual benefits from defensive military co-operation. Such closer co-operation is freely spoken of both in America and Australia, and it is not rash to suggest that Mr. Casey may have concluded that for the next year or so he can be more usefully employed in America than in Australia. The Australians are realists. They are critical of traditional methods, and for them (as for all nations) their country comes first, even while it remains one of the most loyal and strong units of the British Empire.

WEATHER FORECASTS.—

A "record" hard winter has been followed by an unfriendly, chilly spring. The April temperature and winds have been low and bitter. It is not unusual, this eternal "blackthorn winter" in April, when one longs for a day of warmth, a place in the sun, and a scent of earth. But it seems to me that the exigencies of war have done us one good turn. For my part, I feel quite certain I have endured the protracted cold and the dalliance of spring far better without the nightly weather forecasts. After all, hope is the mainspring (if the cheat) of human existence, and if you are not aware that science is assured of "very cold north-easterly winds continuing for several days, with risk of frost," you wake up each morning hoping for better things. The mere fact of rationing the Englishman's prime privilege and pleasure, to talk about the weather, has vastly mitigated the disappointments and discomforts of April.

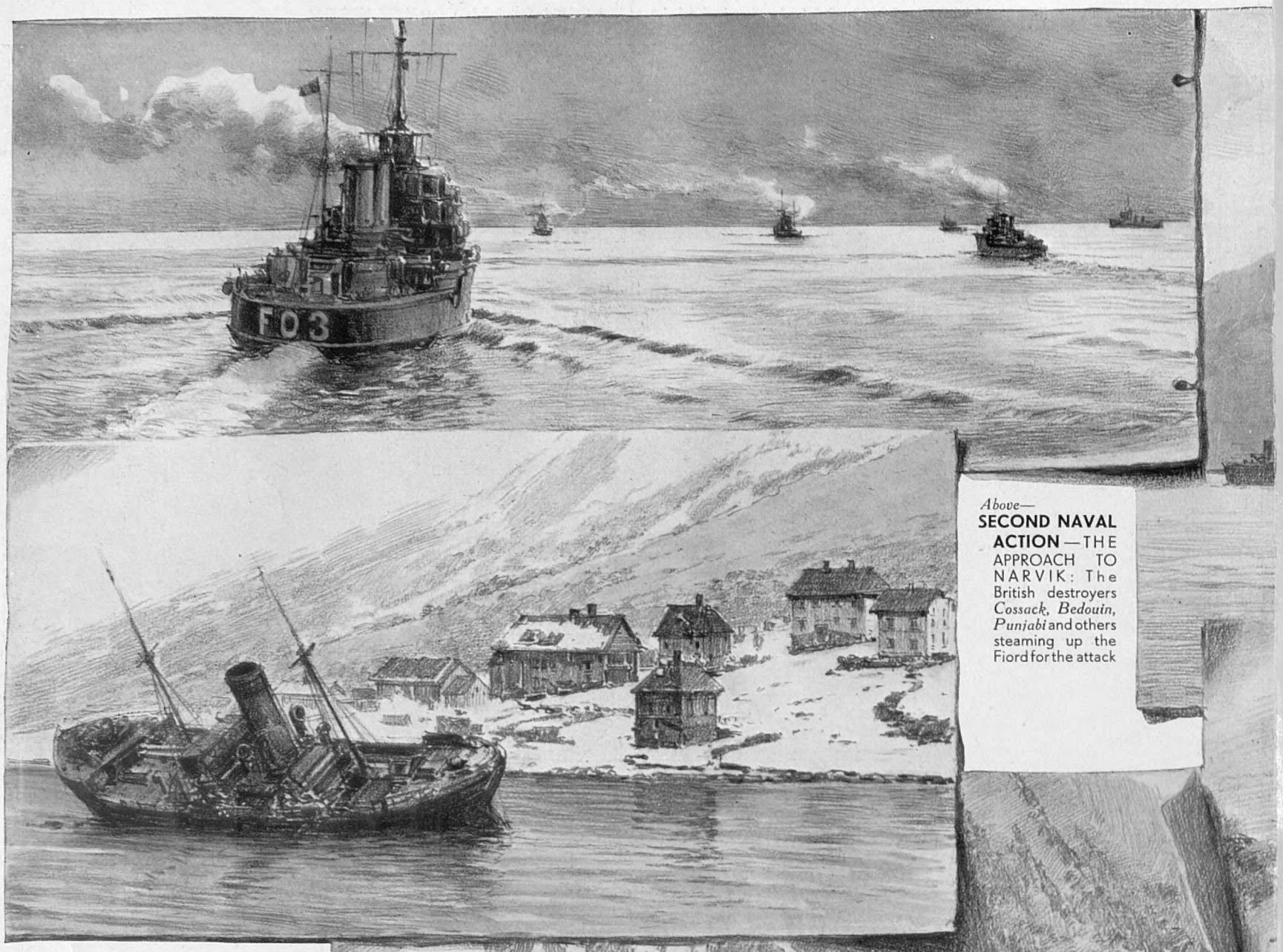
THE OLD STAGER

THE FIRST LORD WITH THE MEN OF THE "HARDY" AND "ECLIPSE"

THE FIFTY-THREE SURVIVORS OF THE FLOTILLA LEADER "HARDY," WITH THEIR OFFICER, LIEUT.-COMMANDER MANSELL (IN SKI-ING SUIT), BEING ADDRESSED BY MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL ON HORSE GUARDS' PARADE ON THEIR RETURN TO LONDON AFTER THEIR EPIC ADVENTURES DURING THE FIRST NAVAL BATTLE IN NARVIK FIORD, WHERE THEY LANDED TO CARRY THE WAR INTO ENEMY TERRITORY. (*On right*—A close-up of Lieut.-Commander Mansell)

ACCOMPANIED BY LIEUT.-COMMANDER MANSELL (IN SKI-ING SUIT), MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL INSPECTS THE SEVENTY-EIGHT MEN OF H.M.S. "ECLIPSE," DAMAGED AFTER A GERMAN AIR ATTACK

The heroism of the men of the *Hardy* was fittingly commemorated when they were reviewed last week on their return to London by Mr. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty. The fifty-three survivors were originally commanded in the action by Captain Warburton-Lee. On his death on the beach at Narvik after the *Hardy* went aground, Lieut.-Commander Mansell took over command; equipping his meagre force with rifles, ammunition and food, the survivors then struck off into Norway—to conduct a war of their own against the German invaders. Ultimately, the fifty-three survivors of H.M.S. *Hardy* were taken off by naval vessels after the second action in Narvik Fiord and brought back to England, together with seventy-eight men from another destroyer, *Eclipse*, which had been damaged by German aeroplanes. The *Hardy* survivors paraded before the First Lord in their hastily borrowed attire; an idea of the novelty of their garb is conveyed in the smaller picture *on the right*



Above—
SECOND NAVAL ACTION—THE APPROACH TO NARVIK: The British destroyers *Cossack*, *Bedouin*, *Punjabi* and others steaming up the Fiord for the attack

Above—
SECOND NAVAL ACTION—A German transport aground in Narvik Harbour after the *Warspite* and the destroyers had finished with her

On right—
ANOTHER GERMAN TRANSPORT SUNK, BOW FIRST—With stranded and wrecked German war vessels in the background

NAVAL
NAR

Recorded in a
by F. MATA
Admiralty

On left—
SECOND NAVAL
destroyer beached
baks Fiord

On right—
SECOND NAVAL
turning down the
action at Narvik
the entrance to the
left of

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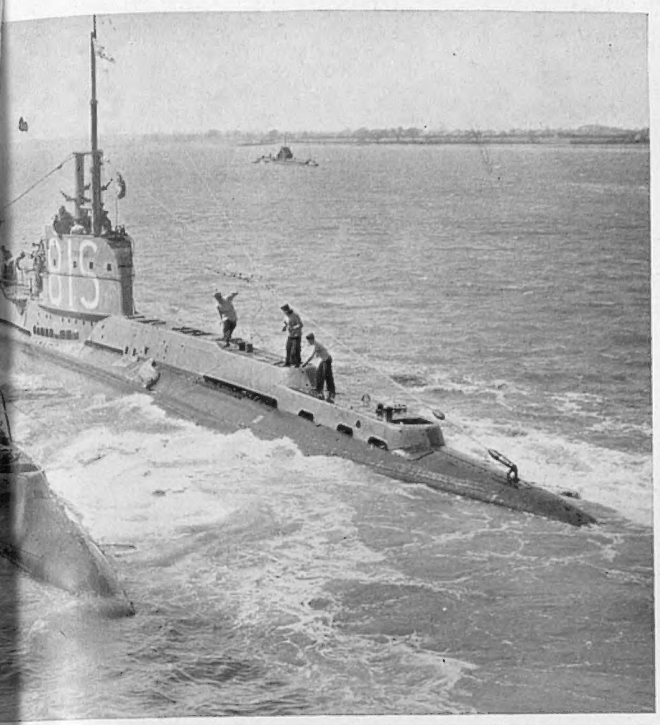
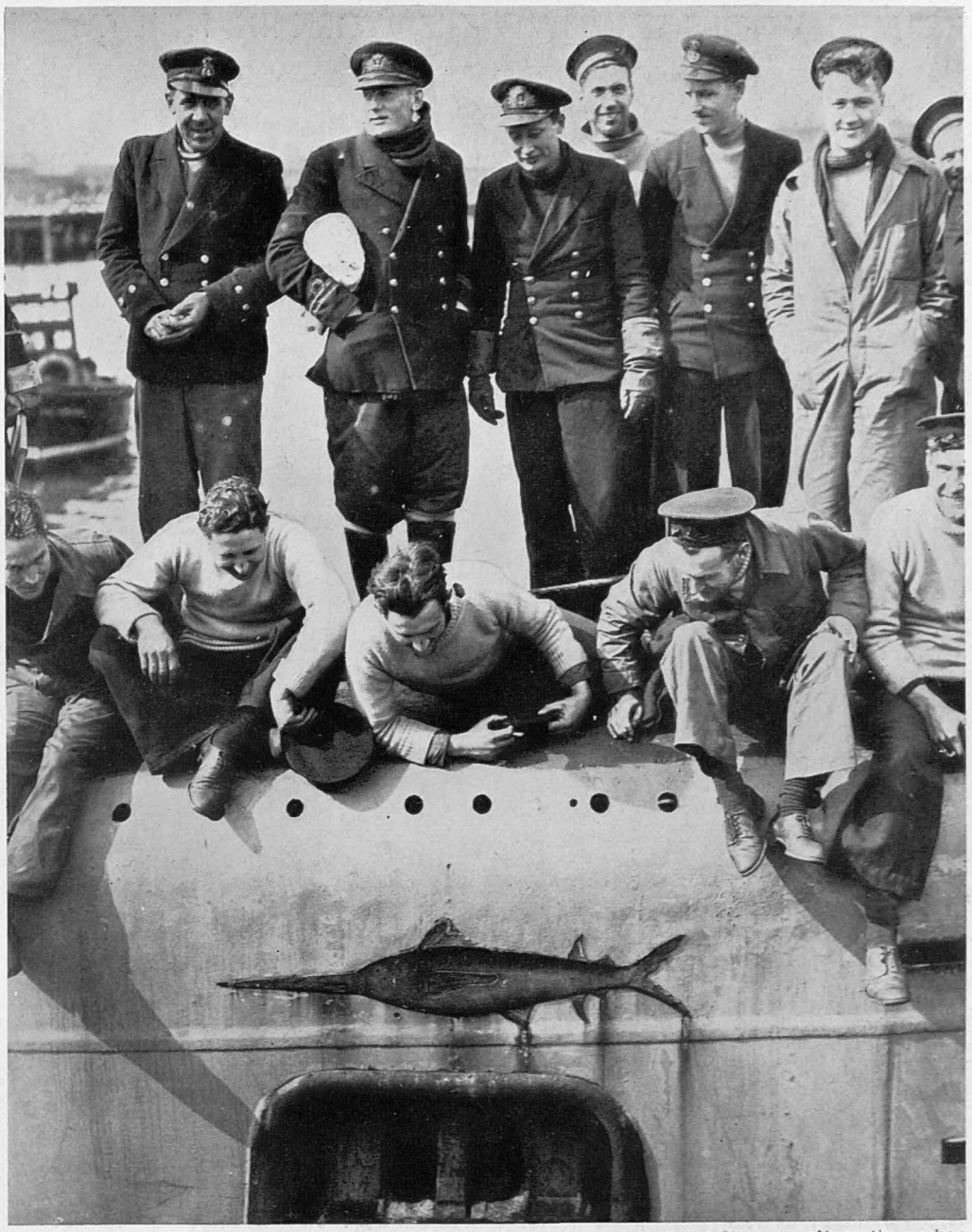
OF THE WAR RETURN



waters and sank a 3,000-ton German transport; *Sunfish*, a smaller vessel, sank German ships totalling 17,000 tons; and *Snapper* sank four (it may well be five) German ships and brought back four prisoners with her

few days has been the successful torpedoing of the *August Leonhardt*, an enemy supply ship of 2,600 tons



THE MEN WHO MADE A BAD DENT IN THE GERMAN NAVY: THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE "SPEARFISH" WHO SUCCESSFULLY ATTACKED THE POCKET BATTLESHIP "ADMIRAL SCHEER": Lieut.-Commander J. H. Forbes (standing second from left) with some of his forty-two officers and men on the deck of the 640-ton submarine just back from Norway. Above the anchor will be seen the insignia of the ship. *Spearfish* is the submarine which attacked the German pocket battleship *Admiral Scheer*; the latter will be out of action for a long time—that is, if she is still afloat! When sighted the battleship was travelling at high speed: nevertheless, she was hit by more than one torpedo

submarines—the most arduous and the most dangerous of naval services; therefore we gladly reproduce the pictures on these pages, with the briefest records of the various submarines' achievements, as an indication that though their hazardous undertakings must often—for obvious reasons—go unchronicled, the people of this country can never forget the gallant picked officers and crews of H.M. submarines

THE POLISH NAVY HAS BEEN HELPING IN NORWEGIAN WATERS, TOO: THE SUBMARINE "ORZEL" WHICH SANK THE "RIO DE JANEIRO": The *Orzel* is the Polish submarine which skilfully escaped capture by the Germans in September last. After running the gauntlet of German patrols off the Danish coast she reached a British port. A vessel of 1,110 tons, the *Orzel* has just returned from the Skagerrak after torpedoing and sinking the German transport *Rio de Janeiro*, formerly a Hamburg-South America liner

THE MEN WHO ARE DOING THE WORK IN NORWAY

WAITING TO EMBARK AT A SCOTTISH PORT: Members of the British Expeditionary Force to Norway waiting to embark for their journey to Norway. Since this picture was taken, the British Forces, including Canadian troops, have landed at Romsdals Fiord, south-west of Trondheim. Another British force which landed at Namsos, 80 miles north of Trondheim, heavily defeated a German detachment sent from Trondheim by air. British units have also been reported in eastern Norway, and their operations are said to have met with unqualified success. This brings these troops right to the heart of the German concentration around Oslo

On left—

HITTING THE NAZIS FAIR AND SQUARE: Flying Officer D. J. French and Pilot Officer W. A. C. Mallory, who have been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross in recognition of gallantry displayed in flying operations against the enemy. Flying Officer French successfully attacked a German cruiser in the Bergen roadstead, enabling his navigator and bomb-aimer, Pilot Officer Mallory, to secure a direct hit on the cruiser in the face of intense anti-aircraft fire

Above—

AT AN R.A.F. BOMBER STATION IN ENGLAND: Bomber crews in the Rest Room standing by, or rather, sitting about, in readiness to be called for a bombing raid. It was men such as these who recently carried out the first attack on a Nazi air base in Denmark. They raided Aalborg, the only base in northern Denmark, from which the Germans have been flying troops to Norway

AEROPLANE TACTICS IN THE NORWEGIAN WAR

Our Efforts to Keep the Germans Out of Norway's Aerodromes and Prevent Landings of More Troops

By CHARLES G. GREY

(Founder of *The Aeroplane*)

OUT of all the maze of uncommunicative communiqués, flatulent unofficial dispatches from official quarters, highly imaginative agency reports, and plain lying rumours, we can now get some idea of what the aeroplanes of the Royal Navy and of the Royal Air Force and of the German Luftwaffe have been doing in Germany's effort to capture Norway. Our official and semi-official dispatches call them aircraft, but as no airships, gyroplanes, or flapping-wing machines are now used, the work has all been done by aeroplanes (or airplanes, as some are of American origin), either landplanes or seaplanes.

The landplanes of the R.A.F. include fighters (single and twin motors), reconnaissance machines (twin motor), and bombers (all twin motor). The R.A.F. are also using flying-boats for reconnaissance, and for the destruction of submarines by bombs and depth-charges. The Fleet Air Arm machines of the Navy are all single-motor machines, for they all have to go up and down the standard-size lifts to and from the flying-decks of the aircraft-carriers, or out and off the catapults of battleships and cruisers. They include fighters, mostly single-seat biplanes, but some two-seat monoplanes, and torpedo-reconnaissance-bombers, which are three-seat biplanes.

The machines of the Luftwaffe seem to be of every type known to the air, including big air-liners which they are using for troop transport.

The strategic reason for the German move was Air Power—or the fear of it. Germany had nothing to gain by capturing Norway, as Norway. There are no vast supplies of minerals or other war materials, or of food, to be got there. And, if there were, such supplies can be got at far less cost through Germany's back door which, as I said in this paper months ago, is wide open. Nor was the invasion caused by any hope of regaining the freedom of the seas, for as I said at the same time, the North Sea might be a Dead Sea for all the German High Command cares.

The common idea that Germany wanted air bases in Norway from which to attack England and Scotland, and submarine bases from which to attack our North Sea shipping, is equally erroneous. No point on the coast of Norway is, for practical purposes, nearer any worth-while targets in this country than are the German aerodromes in Jutland and behind the north of Holland. Bergen is rather nearer whatever the Germans' favourite targets in the Orkneys and Shetlands may be, but, so far as I know, or the censor allows anyone to know, we have no great munition works or other industries (bar Fair Isle jumpers) in that area.

Moreover, as the R.A.F. and the Fleet Air Arm have already shown, we can bomb Norwegian aerodromes much more easily than anybody there can bomb us. And if we can bomb Norwegian aerodromes, we can equally well bomb submarine bases in Norwegian fiords. Whichever way you look at it, the Germans did not invade Norway to get positions from which to attack us, nor to get food, or war material. So what?

The evident answer is that they invaded Norway to keep us out of the country—that is mere kindergarten strategy. If we had struck first, which we should have done if we did not suffer from chronic hypertrophied conscience, we should have landed troops at Bergen and Stavanger, and at Oslo, if we could have got them there in spite of German mines and submarines. We should have filled the aerodromes with R.A.F., and, unless the Germans could have bombed us out of Oslo aerodrome, we should have had air command of the Kiel Canal and of all Germany's Baltic shipyards, submarine yards and aircraft factories.

What set them going? The match to the gunpowder, as it were, was evidently the *Altmark* affair. That must have shown that the stupid *Englander* has not lost his good old buccaneering spirit. An attack by a powerful destroyer on an old ocean tramp was nothing in itself, but it showed that we *could* defy conventions and make our own rules about territorial waters and such things.

On top of that the French and British Governments announced that they had 150,000 men ready to go to Finland if Sweden and Norway would give them a through road. Nobody seems to have considered what would have happened to Sweden's two longitudinal railways and internal trade while two foreign armies were going through the country. But, setting that aside, the German Staff cannot have failed to consider how a virtual French and British occupation of Norway, Sweden, and Finland would affect the whole strategic position, with our Royal Air Force based on Oslo (Norway), Malmö, Gothenburg, Stockholm, and various minor Swedish aerodromes.

Possibly by the time these notes appear somebody may have asked in Parliament, and may or may not have got a full explanation, why our Naval and Air Force scouts did not spot those German forces moving up the Norwegian coast to Narvik, Trondheim, Bergen and Stavanger. Men and supplies may have gone inside ore-ships, but what about all the destroyers and other warships?

Years ago General Golovin, a Tsarist officer who has written much sound sense on air affairs, suggested that air patrols at night should be led by a machine (twin-motor) which carried a searchlight in its nose. Something of the sort could be done easily with the R.A.F.'s big Short Sunderland flying-boats. Such patrols would have been able to sweep the territorial waters of Norway without missing much. There is a grim humour in the fact that the Germans should have stolen a march on us only a few hours before we had conquered our consciences to the extent of laying mines in Norway's territorial waters.

We have bombed Stavanger aerodrome so much that it cannot be a healthy alighting place or starting place. And, if reports be accurate, the little local hangar and airport office have gone up in more smoke than their size would explain, so considerable German supplies must have gone up as well.

Reports tell of an aeroplane torpedoing a German ship in a fiord. That would be a Fleet Air Arm job, and indicates the neighbourhood of an aircraft-carrier, for a T.B.R. biplane has not a very long range with a tin-fish slung below. And a fiord with mountains on each side hardly seems likely to provide a good run at water-level for a torpedo-dropper. So perhaps that story is imaginative.

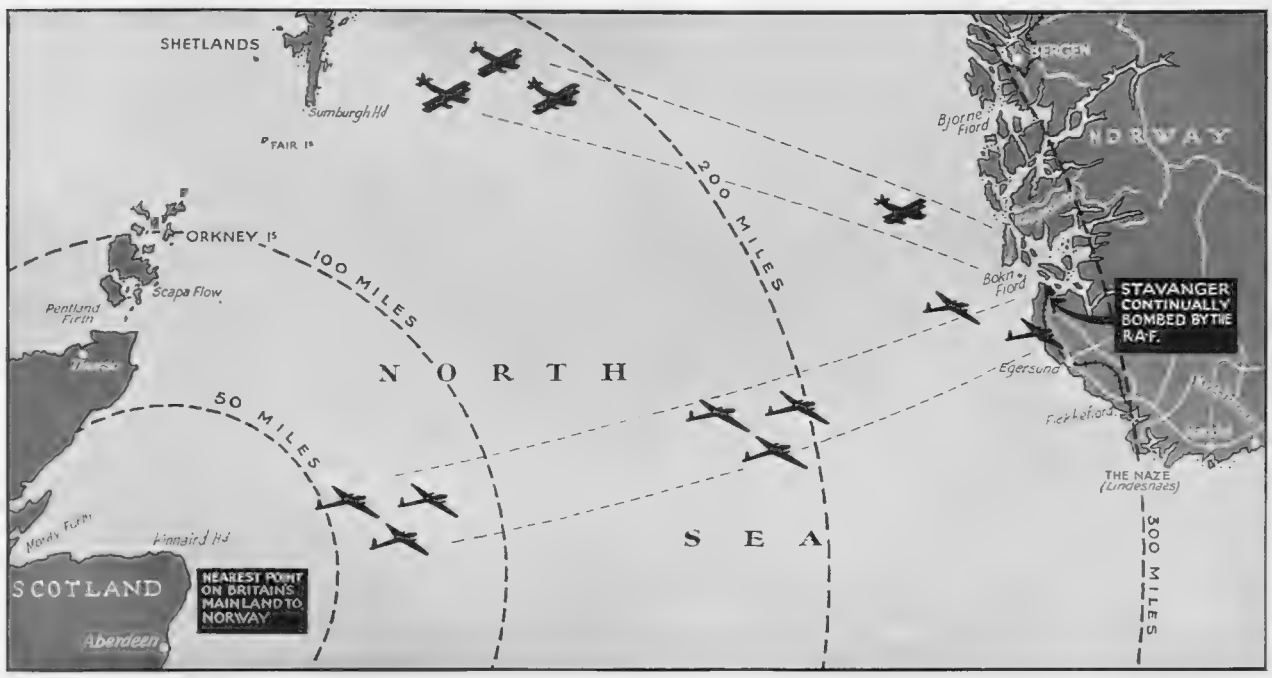
The pretty pictures which have been published of Stavanger aerodrome, and of the neighbouring flat-sided fiord with German float-planes moored all in a row, asking to be mown into the sea by a chain of long-range fighters, indicate that our people have had excellent targets for weapons other than cameras.

The latest story, as I write, is that the Germans from Trondheim have got hold of the railway to the Swedish frontier and have cut Norway in two. There seem to be no communications north of Trondheim, so the main situation seems to be little affected. But here comes an important point—the story says that German troops are pouring up to Trondheim by air.

If there is an aerodrome at Trondheim it must be very small. But perhaps the machines are the old Junkers 52 air-liners on floats There are hundreds of these 52s about, and this is evidently where the Germans reap their reward for encouraging Civil Air Transport, and where we lose by having neglected it.

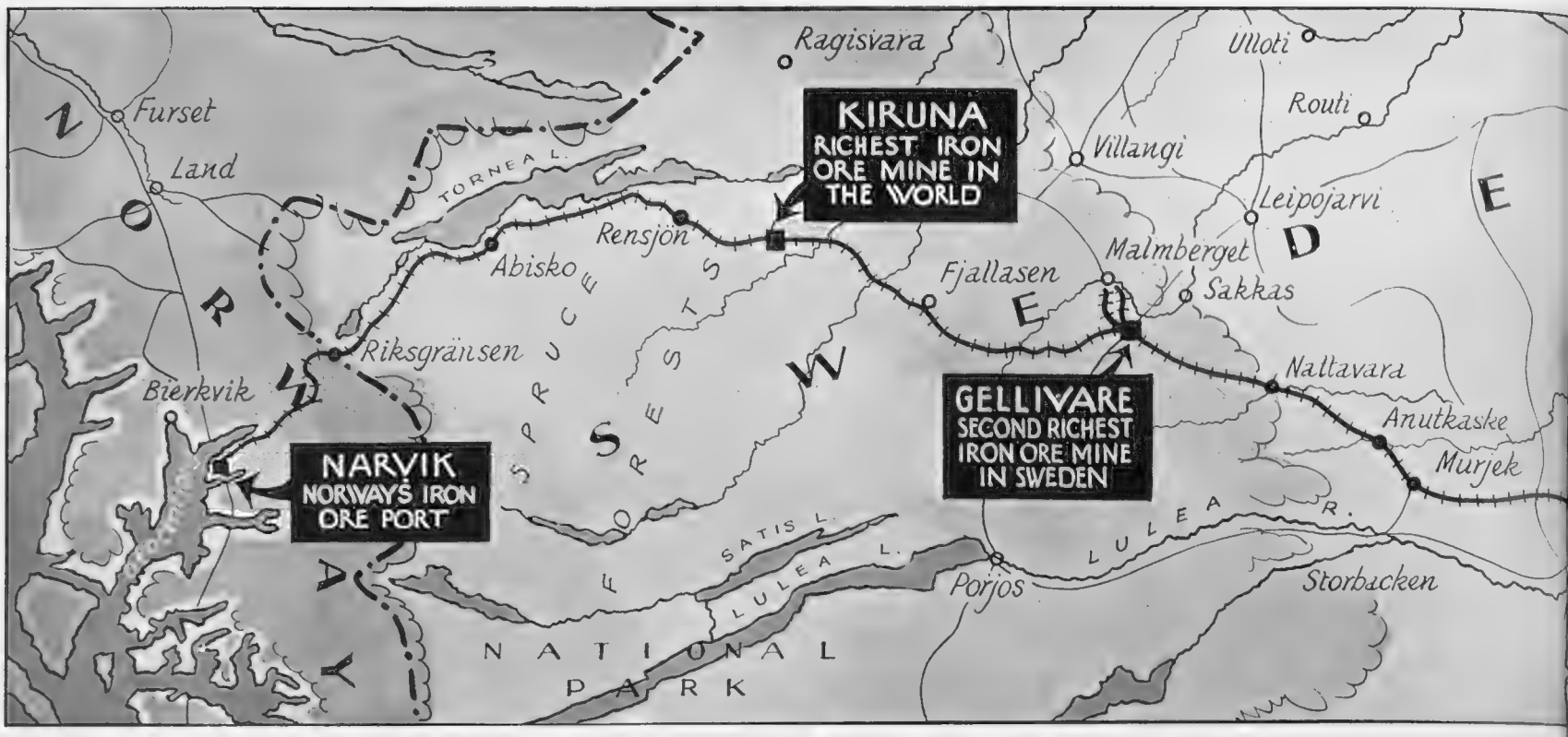
Our Short Empire flying-boats would make quite good troop transports. But so far, judging by official communiqués, they would have no place to go with troops. And we cannot pretend that they are as numerous as are Germany's air-liners—which is no fault of Short Bros.

Meantime, until we have a British Expeditionary Force firmly established in Norway, our air effort can only be towards keeping the Germans out of Norwegian aerodromes, keeping German submarines out of the North Sea, and keeping German transports from crossing the Kattegat or Skagerrak (memories of our schooldays) by water or air.



THE ROUTE TO STAVANGER: The above map shows the extent of open water which the R.A.F. seaplanes from the Shetlands and the North of Scotland have had to traverse in order to reach their objective. Strategically and geographically, this aerodrome is no nearer any worth-while target in this country than the German aerodromes in Jutland and behind the north of Holland. On the other hand, it is far more accessible for our bombers which, in the past few days, have practically bombed it out of existence. Egersund, which is occupied by the Germans, has also been attacked by the R.A.F.

A DARING EXPLOIT RE-ENACTED: Commander A. Viruly, who has flown a million miles in fifteen years, flew the "mystery plane" packed with Skoda armament works executives to London during the Munich crisis of 1938, and escaped from Prague as German troops entered the city, has done it again. His was the last plane out of Oslo even as German troops were landing on the Norwegian coast. As Commander Viruly flew high over Oslo, the boom of guns told of the engagement between the Norwegian coastal batteries and Nazi cruisers



WHY NARVIK WAS ORIGINALLY OCCUPIED BY THE GERMANS: Now that the British Navy have ousted the Germans from Narvik and occupied that port, the enemy have declared that it has no significance; it had, however, enough significance for them to send seven destroyers there to support their land forces! And this significance is well brought out by the above diagram. From Narvik to the Swedish frontier is a distance of only 20 miles—Norway has great length but little breadth; south of the port and town is an area impenetrable to land forces. Therefore, should the Germans invade Sweden from the south, it should be comparatively easy for the Allies to advance along the railway line from the west and safeguard the iron ore regions of Gellivare and Kiruna—the richest in the world; and without whom Germany's war efforts would soon collapse. That is why the Germans occupied Narvik and that is why the British Navy promptly turned them out—despite all German statements to the contrary!

THE HARBOUR AT NARVIK, WHENCE SHIPMENTS OF THE KIRUNA IRON ORE ARE MADE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD: This harbour was founded as recently as 1902, as an ice-free port from which shipments could be made all the year round—unlike Lulea, at the other end of the Lapland Railway on the Bothnian Gulf, which is only serviceable during the summer months after the ice in the Gulf has melted

BLASTING THE PRECIOUS ORE OUT OF THE MOUNTAINSIDE AT KIRUNA: Discovered some 200 years ago, the "Iron Mountains" of Kiruna to-day provide millions of tons annually of the world's richest ore. These rocks contain between 70 and 80 per cent. iron of a type essential for the manufacture of armaments; and the work of blasting and transporting the ore goes on even during the winter days of "eternal night"

The "IRON MOUNTAINS" of SWEDEN

The Importance of Narvik, Now in British Occupation; and of the Railway Line to Gellivare and Kiruna

LITERALLY, they're iron mountains. Borings prove the deposits extend to a depth of 1,000 ft. beneath the dark surface of the lake and its flanking mountains. The 40,000,000 tons of ore removed represents a fraction of the deposit. Local experts estimate that there is sufficient high-grade surface ore to keep up the present rate of export, 8,000,000 tons annually, for another century and a half! And what ore! The grey-looking rock contains between 70 and 80 per cent. iron of a type especially suited to the manufacture of armaments.

Annually, 9,100,000 tons of Swedish ore reach Kiel and Hamburg via Lulea, at the head of the Bothnian Gulf, and Narvik, Norway's Atlantic-cum-Arctic port. This figure represents 40 per cent. of the difference between Germany's consumption and home production of iron ore, i.e., the difference between 38,000,000 tons and 11,000,000 tons. Without it the Nazi war machine would crumple.

The Swedes were iron mining seven centuries ago. But not until the "Iron Mountains" were discovered in 1700 was Sweden's place as the world's premier iron ore exporter assured. The ore surpassed in quality and quantity anything dreamed of before—or since. But the deposit was difficult of access. And for 200 years it was but a dream of future wealth to Sweden.

However, with its development forty years ago the little town of Kiruna struggled from bog and forest 100 miles north of the Polar Circle to spread its wings at the edge of the lake sheltering 'neath the "Iron Mountains." The earth commenced to deliver its wealth.

As the mining developed, so the great rock fortress of Böden, Sweden's "secret city" where foreigners are not always welcome, was strengthened to protect the strategically weak railway linking Kiruna with Lulea to the south-east; and Narvik to the north-west. It crosses some of the finest scenery in Swedish and Norwegian Lapland. And to-day, with Lulea ice-free, a constant procession of ore-laden trains rumble towards the Bothnian Gulf and German ore-carrying craft. As long ago as June, 1938, I counted eighty ore-trucks leave Kiruna for Lulea in a single day. The boom of blasting continued as the midnight sun turned dusk into dawn without the transitional stage. Kiruna was thriving. Its 9,000 population had one interest—scraping, literally scraping up the ore

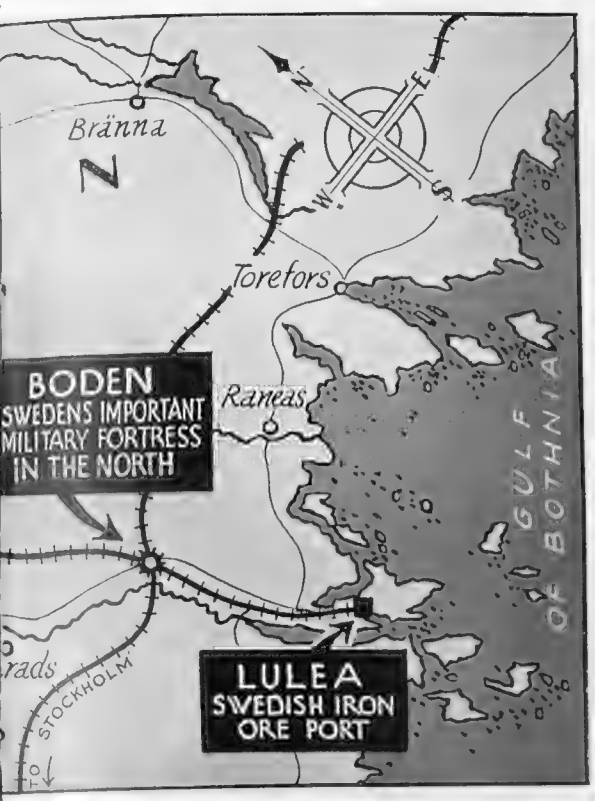
In winter, 1939, I returned. What a change! Many more of those gaily varnished wooden flats proved the population to have increased. Arctic blasts whipped across the "Iron Mountains"; the mosquitoes had gone and mine foremen wore furs in a temperature of 20 deg. below zero; the sun had gone, too, but work continued at high pressure beneath the unreal glare of arc lamps and the aurora borealis. The boom of blasting still disturbed the night. And with Lulea ice-blocked, a constant stream of ore-laden trains streamed across snow-clad tundra between the fells towards Narvik to the north-west.

As the summer advances so the tempo at Sweden's "Iron Mountains" increases. Puff, boom; puff, puff, boom, boom! Blasting! The mountains shudder to the roar of explosives and the cascading of ore down the fells and into the ore-trucks bound for Lulea. For the next six months (until November) not even ore-ships bound for Allied ports will leave Narvik. Ordinarily they would have represented about 10 per cent. of the total number leaving with Swedish ore. The rest, 90 per cent., would have headed for the Baltic.

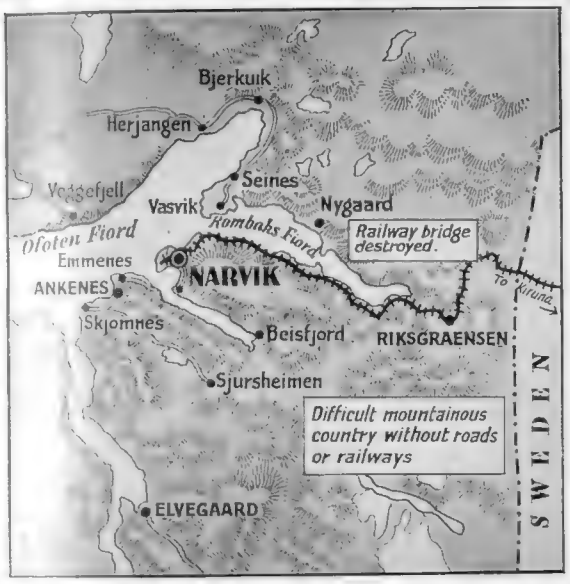
To-day, Nazi ore-ships are ploughing down the Bothnian Gulf, past the strategically important Aland Islands, through a "German Sea" to Kiel armaments works, through the 51-mile long Kiel Canal into the heart of war-like Germany. Again, the Ministry of Economic Warfare asks the pertinent question: "How to stop the flow?"

The answer is, unfortunately, that we cannot succeed in this without controlling either the Baltic or the mines themselves. For even in winter Germany can get her ore from the "Iron Mountains." South of winter-frozen Lulea is the ice-free Baltic port of Oelosund. It could easily handle the export of ore passing through Narvik during the winter.

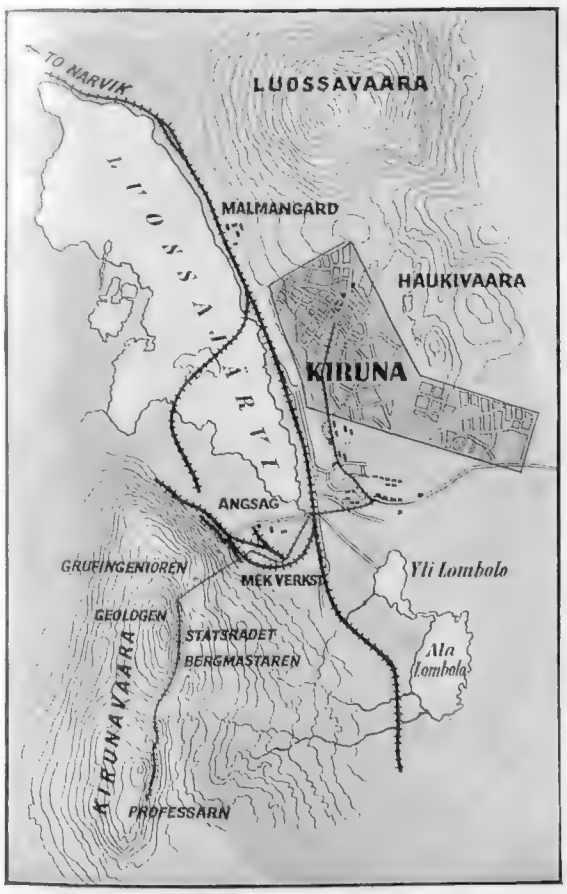
Frank Illingworth



HONEYCOMBED WITH WORKINGS, THE IRON ORE MOUNTAINS OF KIRUNA ARE, STRATEGICALLY, VERY WELL PLACED: Deep in the heart of Sweden and reached only by rail from Lulea (past the fortress region of Böden), or from Narvik in Norway, it will be difficult for the Germans to invest this region. In fact, the whole length and breadth of Sweden would have to be traversed by an invading army



THE STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE OF NORWAY'S GEOGRAPHY: To the south lies an area over which no modern army could advance—but whoever holds the port and town of Narvik holds the west to east communications towards Kiruna and the iron ore supplies of Sweden



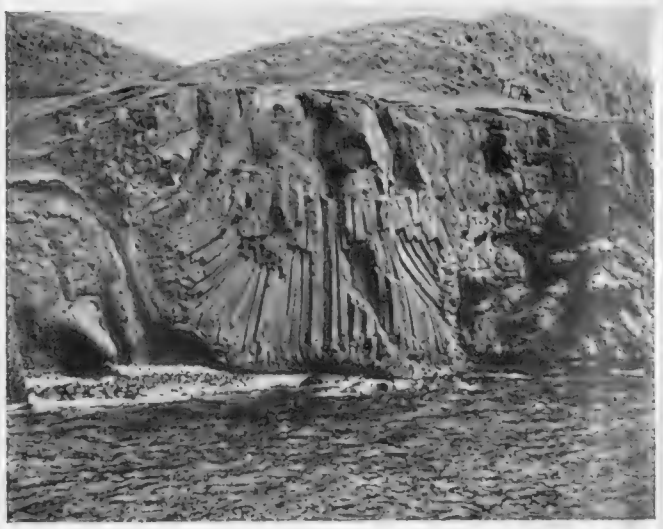
THE IRON ORE REGION OF KIRUNA, THE RICHEST AREA OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD; and the principal region from which the enemy can secure her vital ores now that imports from other parts of the world are impossible. Without this ore Germany's war effort would soon collapse

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE IRON ORE WORKINGS AT KIRUNA: The ore at this rich centre is worked without shafts, by digging and casting up the iron-bearing rock from one platform of boards to another. The supply of ore—despite that it has already been worked for many years—is practically inexhaustible. Networks of railway lines penetrate in all directions along the base of the "mountain"

THE RAILWAY STATION AT KIRUNA THROUGH WHICH THE IRON ORE IS TRANSPORTED TO BOTH ENDS OF THE LAPLAND RAILWAY—NARVIK AND LULEA: Throughout the year, despite the bitter cold and Arctic night of winter, the work of blasting out and quarrying the ore continues. Kiruna itself, from a tiny village, has grown into a large and prosperous town as its output, year by year, has increased. The same is true, too, of Gellivare, farther to the east—which also produces its millions of tons of ore annually

THE CHIEF TOWN OF THE FAROE ISLANDS: The First Lord of the Admiralty announced last week that the Faroe Islands had been taken over by Great Britain for the duration of the war. Subsequent news told of the pleasant way in which this little operation had taken place. The Faroe Islands, though fully Danish for several centuries, had for some decades been enjoying a measure of home rule. Thorshavn is a thriving little town where they deal in fish and eider-ducks' feathers among other things

OVERLOOKING THE TIMBER HOUSES OF THORSHAVN: There are few trees on the islands, twenty-one in number, so Scandinavian timber has had to be imported for the construction of domestic houses and other buildings. The islands are separated by long channels which are really submerged valleys, the land having sunk during recent geologic times The name "Faroe" signifies sheep island



BASALTIC CLIFFS ON SUDERO ISLAND: Nearly the whole group of islands exhibit frowning rocky cliffs and ridges rising to about 2,500 ft. The cliff scenery is in some parts very rugged, the rocks forming ramparts which fall sheer to the sea. This particular columnar formation is to be found in the big southern island. Some of the rocks are of volcanic origin, others sedimentary; all are bare. Seventeen islands are occupied

A FLAG AT THE LITTLE POCKET FORT WITH ITS ROW OF GUNS DENOTES DENMARK'S SUZERAINTY

THORSHAVN (i.e., the harbour or haven of Thor) HAS A NUMBER OF STEEPLY PITCHED STREETS OF THIS CHARACTER

THE FAROE GROUP IN RELATION TO THE ORKNEYS AND SHETLANDS: One steams about 200 miles N.N.W. from Lerwick in the Shetlands before the grey outlines of the islands begin to build up on the horizon. It is over deep water that one is proceeding. A little to the north and away to the south the soundings drop into ocean depths. There are four or five fair-sized islands—the others making up the twenty-one are often long narrow ridges of rock or lonely foam-sprayed islets

FAROE ISLANDS

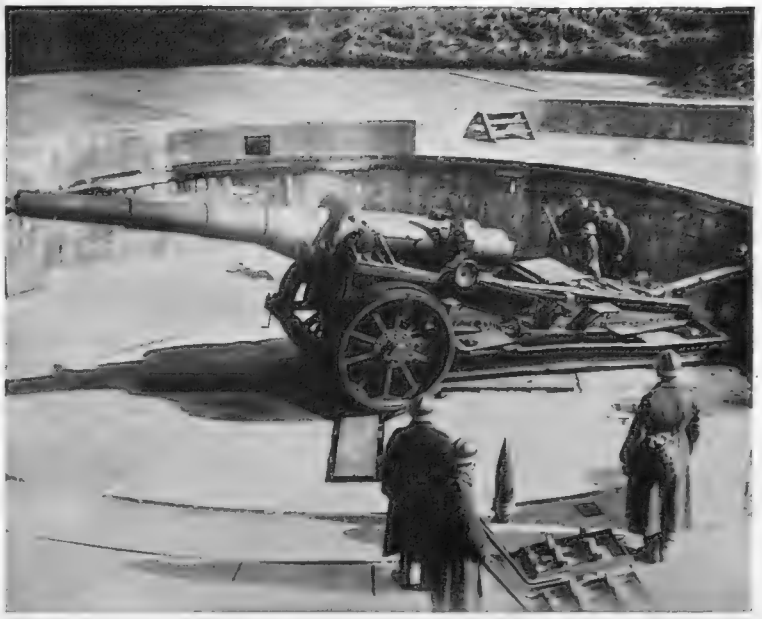
The group of rocky islands situated some 250 miles from the Orkneys lies in the way of the Gulf Stream drift, so in consequence the climate is mild, with excessive rain. The islands experience some fierce storms during the year which render local navigation difficult, and the currents which run between the islands move at a pace which calls for much local experience. Thorshavn is not the only town; there are several other small ones

TAKES OVER THE FAROES

Commandeered; Belgium Uses Old German Defences

KIRKWALL, THE CHIEF TOWN OF THE ORKNEYS: The Orkneys have been leaping into the news during recent weeks by reason of attacks from the air upon the little hamlets or upon Scapa Flow, where they are now met with a fierce and well-placed battery of fire. On a calm pleasant day, such as the one here recorded, the scene at the harbour can be very pleasant. Such days have been rare during the stormy weather of February and March

A CORNER OF THE BUSY FISH MARKET OF COPENHAGEN: On the very first day of the German occupation, officials of the Reich visited the warehouses by the quaysides and commandeered large food supplies stored there. It was immediate evidence of one of the major reasons for the penetration of the country. Germany would break into "Europe's larder" on the way to her further and more exposed objectives



BELGIUM MAKES USE OF GERMANY'S OLD 1917 COAST DEFENCES: Coastal fortifications, built by the Germans in 1917 during their occupation of Belgium, have now been renovated by the Belgian Military Authorities and are forming part of Belgium's coastal defences. The old casemates have been modernised with running water, light, telephones and radio

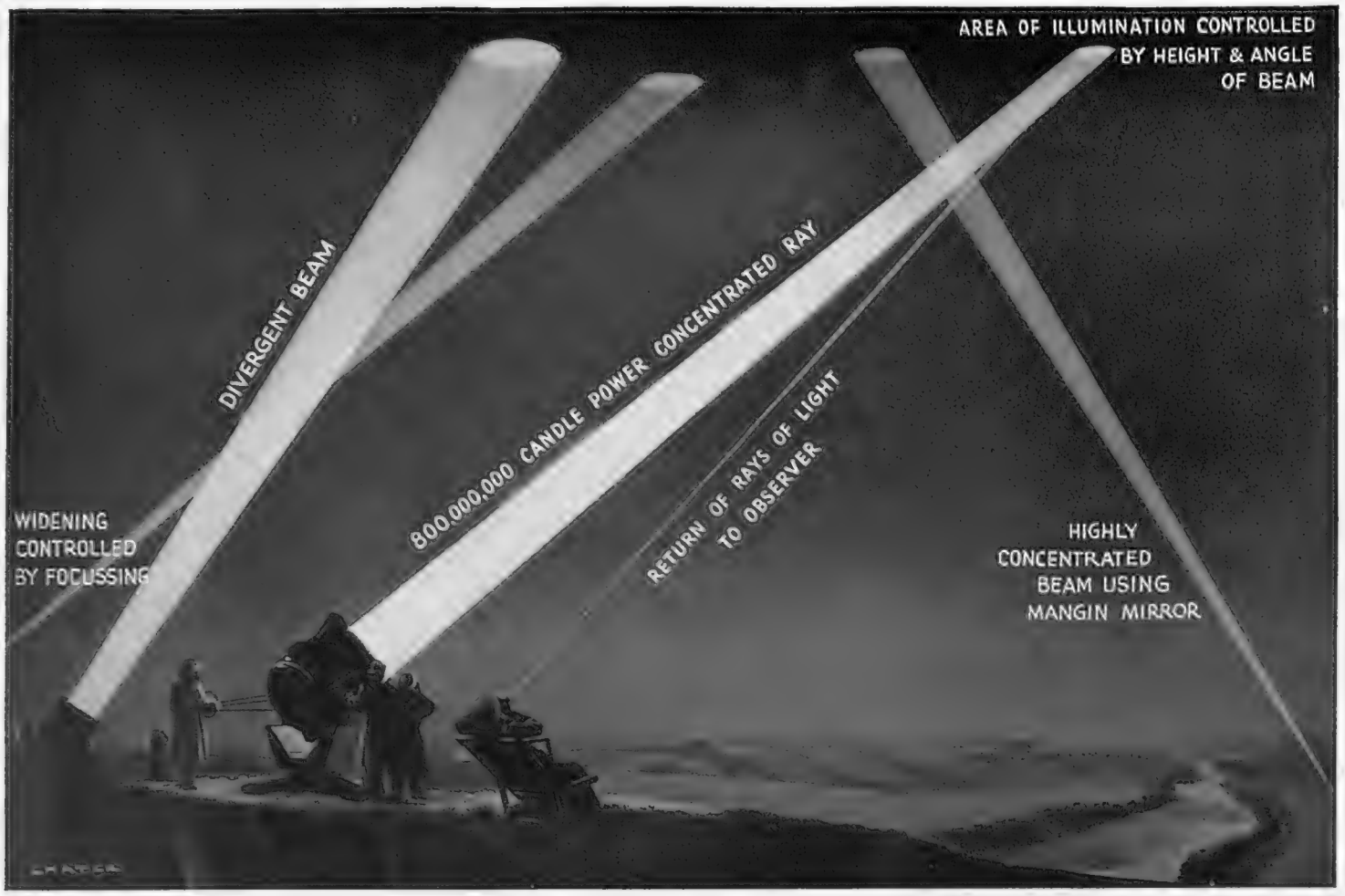
A MARCH PAST IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL PALACE: King Leopold only lives in one of the two royal palaces in Brussels; it is this one, the Palais du Roi, in the Place du Palais, that he occupies. He has been active in encouraging the prosecution of the defence works which are now obviously so necessary for the safety of the western neutrals

DENMARK

AN OVERHEAD VIEW OF TYPICAL FARM SCENERY ON THE DANISH ISLES: Fertile, intensively cultivated Denmark has been under the control of Germany since April 9. The fields and farms are outwardly the same, but from the day of occupation the Germans began to commandeer large stores of food wherever they were conveniently placed for immediate seizure. Produce which would normally have left for British and other ports is no longer leaving Denmark

BELGIUM

A QUICK RESPONSE TO DENMARK'S SEIZURE: The seizure of Denmark and a part of Norway had immediate repercussions in Belgium. When the news was first announced all Army leave was cancelled and Belgium stood to arms. Anti-aircraft defences were looked to; these men seen here were loading a quick-firing A.A. gun with long slender shell



SEARCHLIGHT BEAMS OF VARIED FORM SEEN FROM A HILL STATION: The observer is supposed to be seated on a low hill overlooking rolling country. On his left is a typical modern 800,000,000 candle-power ray from a 60-in. reflector. This is the most effective and economical type. Still further to the left is a divergent beam, the widening effect being controlled by a movement of the light source in relation to the mirror which remains fixed. Away on the extreme right is a very narrow pencil ray from a searchlight using a Mangin type of mirror

Commander E. Young here Deals with a Feature of London's Defence which is Growing in Power and Importance. This Special Section will be Followed by Others Giving in Detail the Growing Strength of London's A.A. Defences

Special Sphere Section with Original Diagrams

What is a searchlight?

A searchlight consists of a brilliant source of light with a reflector to concentrate the light coming from that source into a more or less parallel beam. The whole is contained within a cylindrical "barrel," which serves to protect the source of light and the reflector from damage caused by the elements or other factors, to prevent unsteady burning due to wind, and to conceal the presence of the searchlight when the beam is not exposed.

Of what type is the source of light?

In the earlier searchlights a kerosene or acetylene flame was used. This was later replaced by an electric filament lamp. Such sources of light were, however, comparatively ineffective, and even the electric filament lamp is to-day used only for signalling searchlights of small size.

The advent of the electric arc, which was first used for lighting purposes in Paris in 1848, opened up vast new possibilities for the development of the searchlight. It was not, however, until the production of electricity by means of the dynamo, some twenty years later, that any rapid progress became possible.

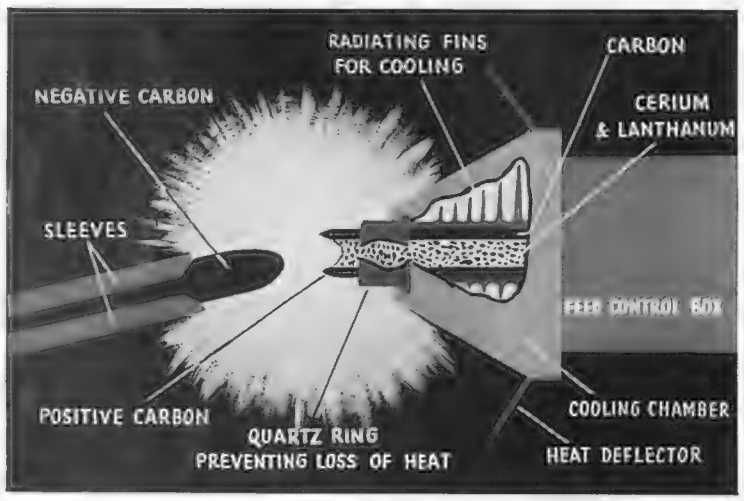
In the arc lamp light of great intensity is produced by passing direct current electricity between two carbons which are slightly separated. Flame is projected from the tip of the negative carbon, while at the tip of the positive carbon there is formed a crater which becomes highly incandescent at its centre.

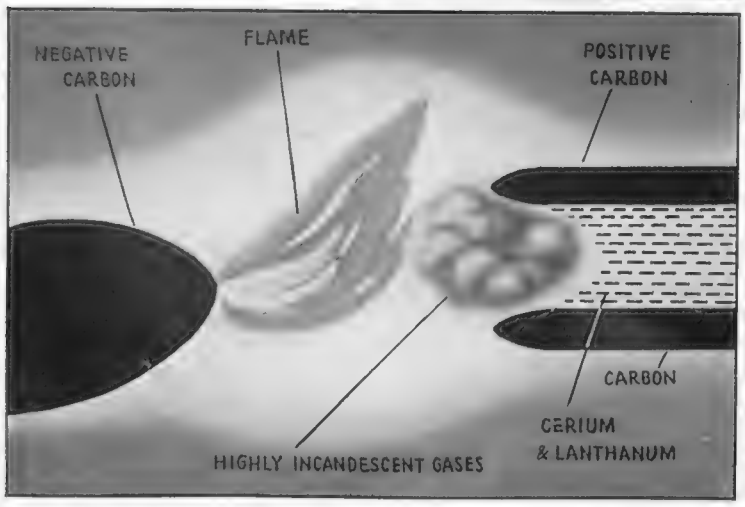
The intensity of the incandescence depends on the current which passes through the arc but cannot be increased indefinitely owing to the fact that excessive current causes the carbons to disintegrate rapidly, unless they are of large diameter (which would present obvious disadvantages), and tends to cause unsteadiness of the arc. These tendencies can be substantially diminished by directing a stream of alcohol vapour at the arc and thus preventing the oxidisation of the carbons.

A carbon surface was used originally because it was known to be capable of reaching a higher degree of incandescence than any other solid. It had been observed, however, in the sun that still higher degrees of incandescence are attainable by certain gases, because, being translucent, they can radiate light from their depths, as well as from their surface. By incorporating in the core of the positive carbon the rare earths cerium and lanthanum, such gases can be produced and raised to incandescence, with a consequent increase of luminous intensity.

To be effective, these gases must be confined to a very small area, and therefore the soft core is so compounded that it volatilises a little more rapidly than the hard carbon shell around it. By this means the formation of a deep crater is assured. The confinement of the gases to that crater is secured by arranging the negative carbon in such a manner that its flame sweeps across the crater and impinges on the gases there produced.

Some idea of the superiority of the modern arc over the original may be gained from the fact that whereas, to produce a beam of 800 candle-power, an ordinary



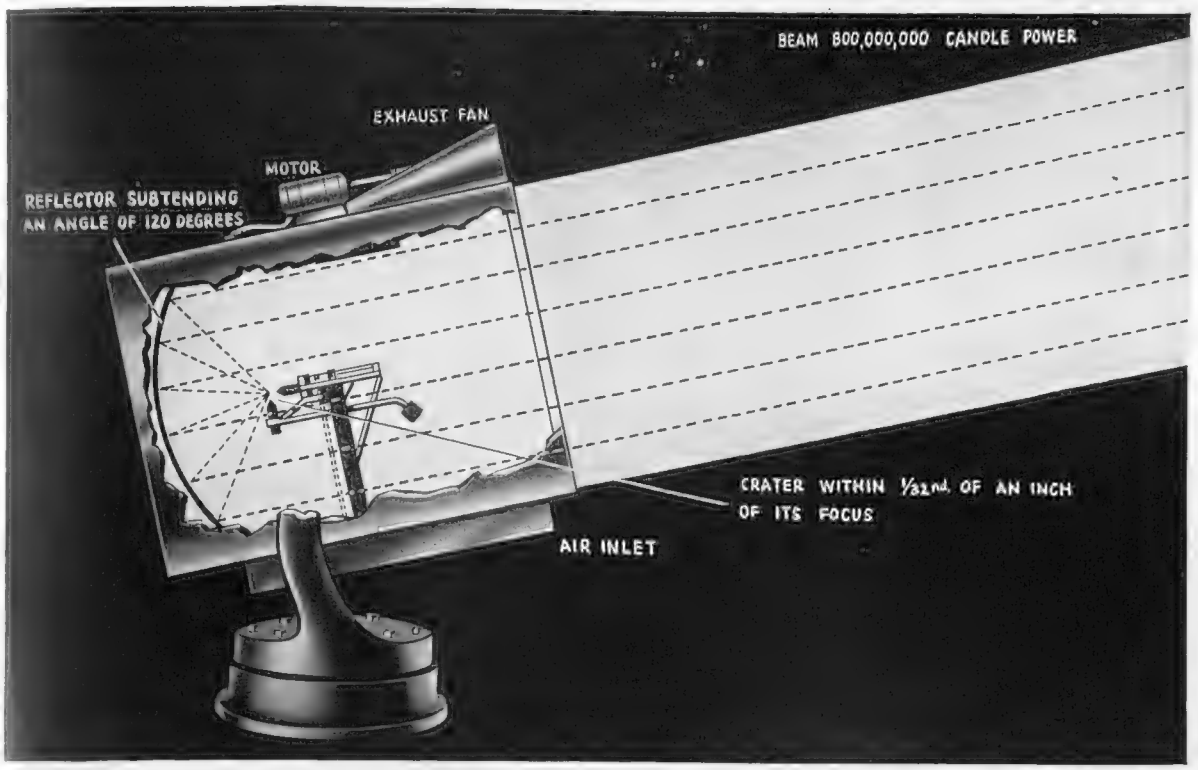


THE SOURCE OF THE LIGHT: The extreme brilliance of the modern searchlight comes from the juxtaposition of two carbon rods held in position by special apparatus. When the current is switched on, a flame comes from the negative carbon, and a little crater is formed at the tip of the positive carbon full of brilliantly incandescent gas

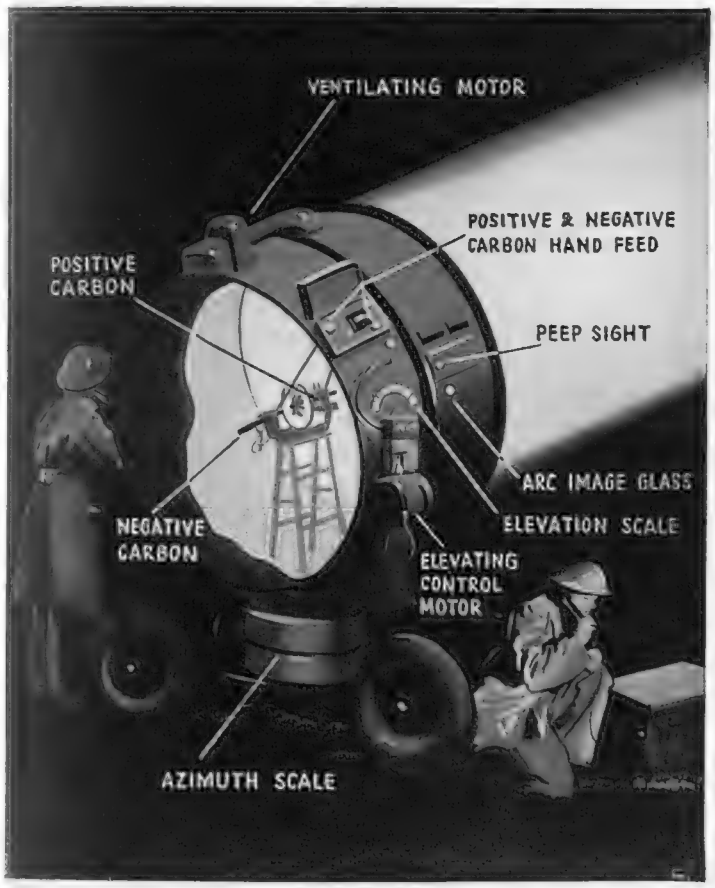
WHAT THE LAYMAN SEES AT A SEARCHLIGHT STATION: A big searchlight with attendant crew grouped around it forms the central item; an observer and a listening squad are also present. The searchlight, on close observation, appears to be more complex than the visitor had thought. He sees gadgets projecting on all sides. It is to explain these outward signs and also the inward mysteries that this special section has been prepared

LONDON'S DEFENCE

IF SHE IS ATTACKED FROM THE AIR—I



FOCUSING POINT OF MIRROR AND LIGHT SOURCE MUST COME TOGETHER WITHIN ONE-THIRTY-SECOND OF AN INCH: The reflector is curved so that it subtends or throws off the rays of light at an angle of 120 deg. The inner focal point of the mirror must coincide with the light point. A greater divergence than one thirty-second of an inch at which it is held at once disturbs the efficiency of the beam. To secure the best results delicate apparatus for holding the light source in position has been devised



THE VARIOUS COMPONENTS OF A MODERN SEARCHLIGHT: The mirror has been removed to show the position of the illuminant on its stand fixed to the bottom of the searchlight drum. Above is the ventilating motor; at the side is the carbon hand feed, peep sight, elevation scale, and elevation control motor; on the turntable base is an azimuth scale

carbon arc would require a current of 350 amperes and a reflector 125 ins. in diameter, the same result can be achieved with a modern searchlight using only 150 amperes and a reflector 60 ins. in diameter.

It has been found by experience that ***a beam intensity of about 800,000,000 candle-power is the most effective and economical,*** and that this intensity can be obtained with a modern searchlight using a current of 150 amperes through a positive carbon 16 mm. in diameter. Greater intensities can be obtained by increasing the current up to 250 amperes, though the increase of brilliancy is somewhat offset by the accompanying unsteadiness of the arc and by the fact that the consequent increase in range is affected by a law of diminishing returns ***until, at about 1,000,000,000 candle-power, it ceases completely.*** It has been found also that if the current is increased above 250 amperes the ball of gas within the crater becomes so compressed as to be opaque, with consequent diminution of beam intensity.

What types of reflector are used?

The most usual type of reflector is a parabolic mirror, made either of glass or of gilded metal. Glass reflectors are only slightly more efficient than those of gilded metal, but they deteriorate less rapidly; they are, of course, more fragile and are also more expensive to make.

A parabolic mirror is used because it concentrates and reflects in a parallel beam all light emanating from a source situated at its focus. Such a parallel beam is, of course, achieved only in theory, i.e., when the source of light is of infinitely ***small dimensions and is situated exactly at the focus of the reflector.*** Nor would it be altogether desirable that perfection in this respect should be obtained, for although the resultant beam would be of the maximum intensity, it would be of such small dimensions (i.e., exactly as large as the reflector, which cannot conveniently be made of a diameter of more than 60 ins.) that the field which it would illuminate would be inconveniently small.

Experience has shown that for practical purposes the best results can be obtained by using a reflector subtending an angle of 120 deg., a positive carbon having a crater with a similar angle of emission situated at or within one-thirty-second of an inch of its focus, and a current density of 1·5 amperes per square millimetre. Under such conditions a beam with a spread of just over 1 deg. is assured, and a beam intensity of the order of 800,000,000 candle-power.

An alternative type of reflector, which has been found to be more effective than a parabolic reflector for use in the smaller types of searchlight, is the Mangin Mirror. This consists of a glass reflector with a double spherical surface, formed of a concavo-convex lens, silvered on its convex face. The radius of curvature of the concave refracting surface must be smaller than that of the convex reflecting surface. The divergence of the beam, under given circumstances, is found to be smaller when such a reflector, rather than a parabolic reflector, is used. The consequent increased beam intensity is less than might be expected, owing to greater losses due to refraction, and is negative in the case of large searchlights.

The paramount importance of the positive crater being within the prescribed limits of the focus will be appreciated from the fact that a displacement of only one quarter of an inch reduces the beam intensity by some 40 per cent. and the range by about 20 per cent., while a displacement of half an inch reduces the beam intensity by over 60 per cent. and the range by a similar amount.

THE SEARCHLIGHT

How is the searchlight kept "in focus"?

A "sight" is fitted to the "barrel" of the searchlight, so that the operator can adjust the position of the arc until the positive crater is exactly at the focus of the reflector.

It would be difficult, however, and often impossible for the operator to keep the focus correct while the searchlight is in operation. It would not always be easy for him, moreover, to notice, from the excessive divergence of his beam, that the focus was incorrect, as it would tend normally to become as the carbons burn away. Arrangements are therefore made whereby the consumption of the carbons is automatically compensated, while maintaining the positive crater in the focus.

How is the light switched on?

The positive carbon having been adjusted beforehand in the correct position, the arc is "struck" by the sudden withdrawal to a given distance of the negative carbon. The two carbons are then mechanically fed towards each other at a speed which is calculated to offset their consumption, but which can rarely for long be exactly correct. If, as a result of too slow or

(Continued on following page)

THE FOCAL POINT AS ONE SEES IT FROM THE BACK: The focal point, such an essential factor in the production of a searchlight beam, is here seen from the back of the drum. The funnel up which fumes are drawn appears above. Below is the mirror in process of being cleaned from a gaseous deposit

A SEARCHLIGHT IS TUNED UP AS OTHER INSTRUMENTS: Before the searchlight drum is directed towards the sky with its penetrating beam, it is directed towards the earth. The current is switched on and the burning carbon points generate the incandescent gas before the beam is thrown skywards

The SEARCHLIGHT by SEA and LAND

A NOVEL DISPLAY OF SEARCHLIGHTS FROM AN ASSEMBLED FLEET: An astonishing sight is presented when a fleet suddenly switches on all its searchlights and turns them at high angle skywards. Pencils of light cross one another and produce glowing points or meet wisps of mist which light up as misty lozenges in the sky

THE SEARCHLIGHT BEAM AT SEA OFTEN ASSUMES ANGLES: The long distances and weather condi cause very unusual effects to be produced by th beams. Owing to refraction occurring when the l layers of atmosphere of varying density the beam of

(Continued from previous page)

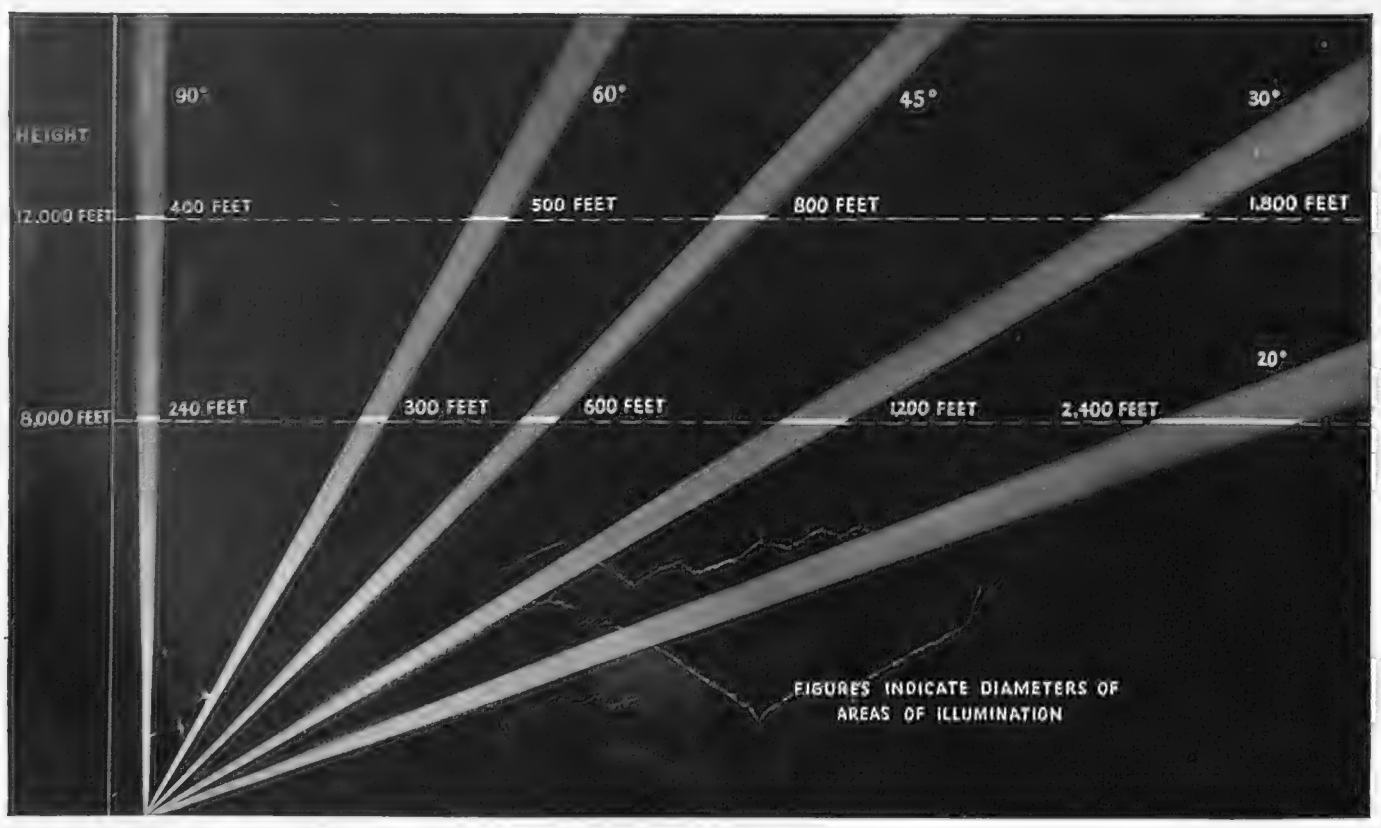
too rapid feeding, the arc length tends to become too great, an electrical control speeds up or retards the speed at which the negative carbon is fed inwards.

Such a process, if otherwise uncontrolled, would sooner or later result in the transference of the positive crater from the focus in which it has been set. In order to prevent such an occurrence, however, there is a thermostatic control, which comes into operation as soon as the positive crater (the main source of heat) moves to a distance greater than one-thirty-second of an inch away from the focus, and which regulates the speed at which the positive carbon is fed forwards until the crater resumes its correct position relative to the reflector.

How large is a reflector?

It would be safe to say that the reflector of a searchlight should be as large as practicable, because the larger the reflector, the greater the angle it subtends at the light-source and the greater therefore the amount of light which it intercepts and renders parallel. The most effective angle has been found to be about 120 deg. For a small reflector to subtend so great an angle at the light-source the focus must be short, with the consequence that the light-source must be brought close to the reflector and would damage it unless it were burned at a low temperature. By increasing the size of the reflector, the focus can be increased and the light-source can therefore safely be burned at a greater temperature, with a resultant increase of brilliancy.

A NAVAL SEARCHLIGHT MANNED: The man on the left has his hand on one of the control handles for altering the sideways movements of the beam. On the right is another member of the crew who is standing near the light switches and other controls



THE SIZE OF THE AREAS OF SKY ILLUMINATED BY A SEARCHLIGHT BEAM: The amount of sky which a beam starting from a 60-in. mirror will illuminate varies according to the height and angle at which the beam is thrown. Heights are given on the left hand side. The vertical beam illuminates a circle of sky 240 ft. across at 8,000 ft. At 12,000 ft. the area grows to 400 ft. across. If you slant the beam sideways to the right as shown here at an angle of 30 deg. you will illuminate areas which increase in diameter according to the angle which is being used. The angular degrees are shown at the head of the diagram

In practice, searchlights with reflectors 36 ins. in diameter are adequate for normal naval purposes, but for use against aircraft such searchlights are worse than useless and reflectors of 60 ins. diameter are required. Further increase in diameter would give greater illumination, but would render the searchlight too cumbersome to transport and more difficult to handle.

What is the practical efficiency of an average searchlight, and to what are the losses of light power due?

The effect of a big 60-in. reflector is to magnify the tiny glowing point of light to a circle of light as big as itself. Such a surface of light should throw outward a beam of immense candle-power, the exact theoretical amount of which can be calculated. In practice, however, it is found that the candle-power of the beam is only about 60 per cent. of this theoretical value.

SUMES MANY STRANGE conditions at sea often by the naval searchlight the light passes through am of a searchlight often appears to be bent. In a clear atmosphere the bend is usually upwards, but clouds have the effect of bending the beam downwards. One sometimes sees some odd effects, too, when on occasion the beam strikes the sea-water. The colour will be altered, for if the beam strikes a blue object, such as the sea, most of its blue will tend to become diffused, with the result that the beam which passes on is over-rich in the complementary colour, which is yellow. If it strikes a grey object, which is intermediate in colour between blue and white, the beam which passes on tends to have a colour intermediate between red and white, i.e., pink. In the above picture Mr. Montague Dawson shows some of the odd angular effects he himself has noted when at sea

SEARCHLIGHTS HAVE VARIED FORMS OF GLASS AT THE UPPER END OF THE DRUM: The glass in this case is triangular in form and is handy for easy replacement. Below, the position of the recarboning door is indicated. This door is immediately above the lower ventilator inlets

Losses are due to: (1) Absorption in the reflector which can be kept down by the use of thin glass and which averages about 15 per cent.; (2) Shadow losses due to the obstruction caused by the carbons and to their holders and controlling apparatus which average rather less than 9 per cent.; (3) Absorption in the front glass of the searchlight which is normally about 9 per cent. but which is increased if the front glass is not made in one piece.

The losses due to these causes are proportionally greater in a small than in a large searchlight. The range of a searchlight is obviously determined primarily by the illumination produced by its beam at various distances. It also depends on what is called the Coefficient of Transparency, i.e., on the atmospheric and other conditions which affect the transmission of its light. On a warm day, over land, the Coefficient of Transparency is about 0·56 per 1,000 yards, i.e., each 1,000 yards absorbs 44 per cent. of the light.

What happens to the heat which is produced inside a searchlight? Does it not accumulate inside the barrel to such a degree that the arc must be switched off after some time?

The dissipation of the considerable heat which is produced, in conjunction with light, in an electric arc is one which has presented considerable difficulty. Its rapid dissipation is important because of the damage which would otherwise be done to the glass reflector situated quite close to the source of heat. In the modern searchlight adequate provision is made for keeping the temperature within harmless limits, and unless something goes wrong there is usually no reason why the searchlight should not go on burning continuously until the carbons are consumed.

The very high temperature produced in the arc is dissipated by means of radiating flanges on the carbon-holders, and the consequent rise in temperature within the barrel is allowed to pass out to the atmosphere through vanes in the top of the barrel. Special forced ventilation prevents high temperatures being created in the reflector and front glass, serving also to prevent damage being done to the former by hot debris falling from the arc when the searchlight is being used against aircraft.

The position of the observer relative to the searchlight has a very great effect on the ease with which he can pick out the object illuminated. This is due to the fact that an observer near the searchlight has his view masked considerably by the light reflected from particles in the atmosphere, i.e., by what is called the "beam." It is for this reason that it is desirable that the searchlight should be controlled mechanically or electrically by an observer stationed as far away from it as is practicable, and that the searchlight should be as far away as is practicable from the battery for which it is to illuminate the target.

It is perhaps interesting to note in this connection that it may quite easily happen that an aeroplane is so much illuminated by a searchlight that its occupants can distinguish the figures on their watches, but yet remains quite invisible to an observer on the ground on account of the smallness of the angle which it subtends at his eye.

Searchlights are also used, however, for purposes of signalling, more especially at sea, where by day they fulfil the functions performed by the heliograph on shore. When used at night their range can be very considerably extended by training them on a distant cloud, which is, of course, visible from far beyond the horizon, and illuminating it intermittently in the Morse code. This last method of signalling may be used also for communication with a ship or station between which and you there is an island or a mountain.

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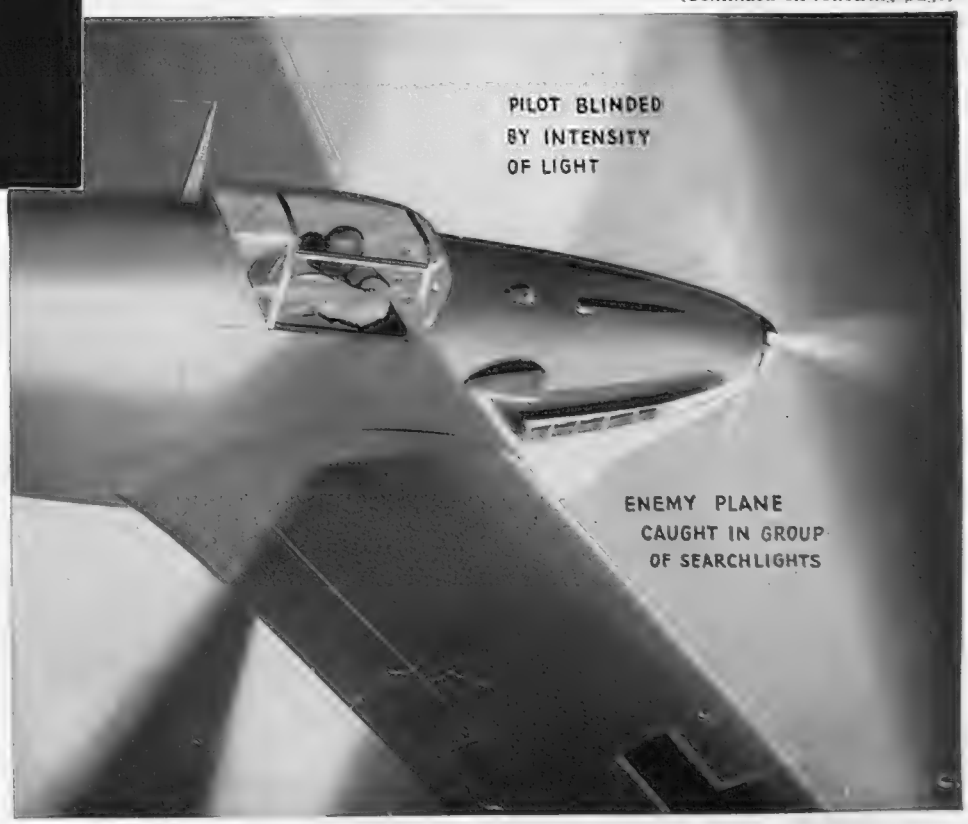


A PILOT DOES NOT ENJOY FLYING IN A CONCENTRATION OF SEARCHLIGHT BEAMS: So powerful are the modern beams that they will temporarily blind a pilot if he is careless about how he observes searchlight activity below him. When caught in the beams he must, of necessity, abandon navigation by actual observation and concentrate solely upon his blind flying, and other, instruments

SPECIAL SEARCHLIGHT SECTION OF "THE SPHERE":

WHEN THE BEAM IS TILTED TO THE ZENITH: A special little difficulty develops when you work your beam almost up to the vertical. There are the two carbons spluttering away and creating a terrific heat and light at the focus of the mirror. But what of the precious mirror itself? Will it not be seriously damaged if this high angle is maintained? Well, special measures have to be taken to overcome this possibility, and one of them is to maintain a good draught of air across the interior of the drum. This is accomplished by fitting a little electric motor on the upper side and drawing out the heated gases by means of a cross current of air. Radiating flanges help to cool the carbons themselves

(Continued from previous page)

What effect does a searchlight have on the personnel of the target which it illuminates?

A searchlight suddenly switched on a ship or aeroplane has the effect of blinding its personnel. This relates not only to the period of time during which they are held by its beam, but also to a considerable period of time afterwards, because it takes several minutes after such dazzling illumination to re-accustom one's eyes to see in the darkness. If, while one is still in process of recovering one's "night sight," one is again illuminated by a searchlight, the effect is apt to be demoralising.

If a destroyer or cruiser finds herself suddenly lit up by an enemy searchlight at sea, what action does she take?

She immediately opens fire on the searchlight, at the same time altering course and speed in the hope of escaping from its beam. If she can succeed in escaping the beam, she has an advantage over the enemy for so long as his beam is exposed, and she would be ill-advised to surrender that advantage by exposing her own searchlights unless and until she was in a position to strike effectively with guns or torpedoes.

DETACHING THE PRECIOUS MIRROR FROM THE DRUM: The big mirror must be carefully swung away from its inner ring for cleansing. To ensure it against accident, two hefty handles are provided. The glass here is ribbed like the variety you see in a lighthouse tower

WHEN THE SEARCHLIGHT BEAM IS SWITCHED ON: Let us turn to another of the external gadgets observable on the big drum. One of the repair staff is at work on the switch-box with which the up-to-date searchlight is equipped

range and that your batteries and/or fighter planes are ready to engage them. Premature exposure of your beam does more harm than good.

Why does not the beam of a searchlight travel on into infinity?

If the atmosphere were absolutely transparent and of uniform density, the beam of a searchlight would travel in a straight line to infinity. In actual fact, however, the atmosphere is so charged with particles of various kinds that a great deal of the light is reflected back or dissipated.

In addition to that, the atmosphere decreases in density as one gets higher, with the result that such light as may penetrate into its upper layers is refracted in such a manner that it would tend to return to its source.

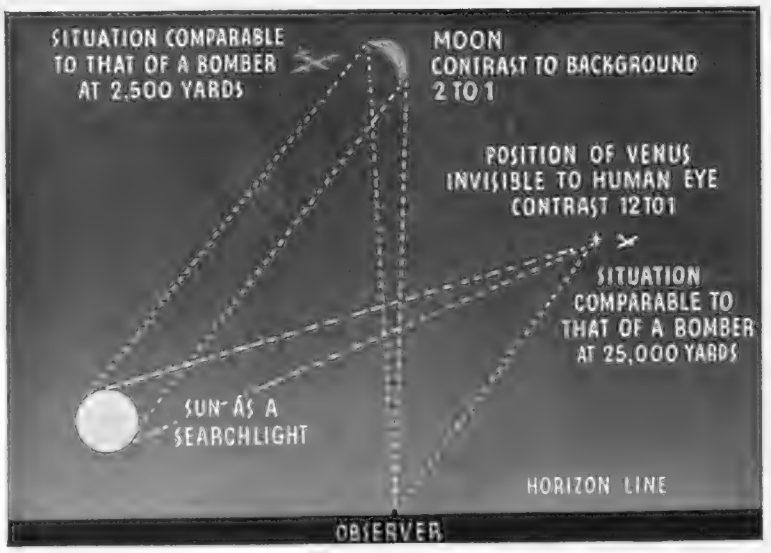
How are searchlights employed against aircraft in modern warfare?

The main object of using searchlights against aircraft is to illuminate them so that they can be engaged by your anti-aircraft batteries and fighter planes. Your beam serves, however, a secondary purpose in that it may wholly or partially blind those who are handling her bombs and guns.

Since the fact that you have exposed your beam is an indication of your position and of the fact that you have detected or suspect the presence of the enemy aircraft, it is important that you should not do so until you are reasonably confident that the aircraft are within your

Can the width of the beam be varied, and if so by what means?

The minimum divergence of beam is obtained by keeping the positive crater exactly at the focus of the reflector. If, for any reason, it is desired to widen the beam, this can be done very simply by moving the positive crater (whose position can be adjusted by hand) out of focus in a direction away from the reflector. The intensity of the beam is, of course, proportionately decreased, partly because of the increased divergence, but partly also because the reflector no longer intercepts and reflects outwards so large a proportion of the light produced in the positive crater.



AND HERE IS A LITTLE STATEMENT OF INTEREST TO THE CAMOUFLAGIST: Contrary to general belief, the colour of the target is a matter of minor importance; what is a matter of import is the colour contrast between target and background. The degree of contrast which is necessary for visibility is dependent on the apparent size of the target, says our author (this is his own way of putting it), i.e., on the angle which it subtends at the observer's eye . . . at short range a contrast of a few per cent. will be quite sufficient, but at a great distance, when the apparent size of the target is small, the contrast must be several hundred per cent. This fact can be appreciated if one thinks of looking at the sky during the day, at a time when both the Moon and the planet Venus are above the horizon. The Sun may then be regarded as a searchlight, and the blue sky as the field against which the objects it illuminates must be seen. The Moon, which subtends an angle of about twenty-five minutes, can be clearly distinguished, although the contrast between it and its background is only about 2 to 1 (100 per cent.), but Venus, far brighter, and contrasting 12 to 1 with its background (1,200 per cent.), is quite invisible. The angle subtended by the Moon corresponds to that of a bomber at 2,500 yards, while that subtended by Venus corresponds with that of a bomber at 25,000 yards

If the positive crater is moved out of focus in a direction towards the reflector, a "crossed beam" is obtained. This is from every point of view undesirable. The reflector, or mirror, is a fixture and cannot be moved relative to the source of light.

What area of sky is illuminated by the beam? A further note.

The question is best answered

SEARCHLIGHTS ARE in which the size apparatus become

THE SEARCHLIGHT MIRRORS DO THE Turn this picture upside down and searchlight close at hand and that it searchlight on the right is fitted with the new fittings required

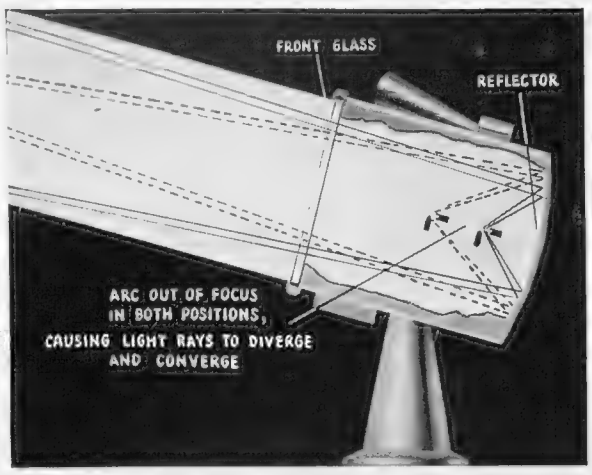
Why does not the Beam go on to Infinity? And other Questions Answered

by means of the diagram which is given with these notes. It shows how a searchlight beam with a 2 deg. divergence spreads at different heights according to the angle of elevation of the searchlight.

Such a beam might be produced by a moderate-sized searchlight, which, in order that the beam may not be too narrow for practical purposes, is provided with a suitable reflector.

It will be appreciated, of course, that, other things being equal, the smaller the beam, the greater its intensity—and the greater, therefore, its practical efficiency as an illuminant. It is worthy of note that the area actually illuminated by a searchlight beam may become very substantially increased under conditions where the light is diffused. Such conditions occur when the atmosphere is thick, owing to smoke or to cloud, as is well known, of course, to motorists.

It is under conditions of this type, e.g., when there is a bank of cloud at a height of anywhere between 1,000 and 5,000 ft., that it might be practicable to make a barrage of light as a protective measure. Enemy bombers diving downwards through the cloud-banks in order to identify and aim at their targets might be seriously embarrassed by the blinding effect of massed searchlights played on the clouds.

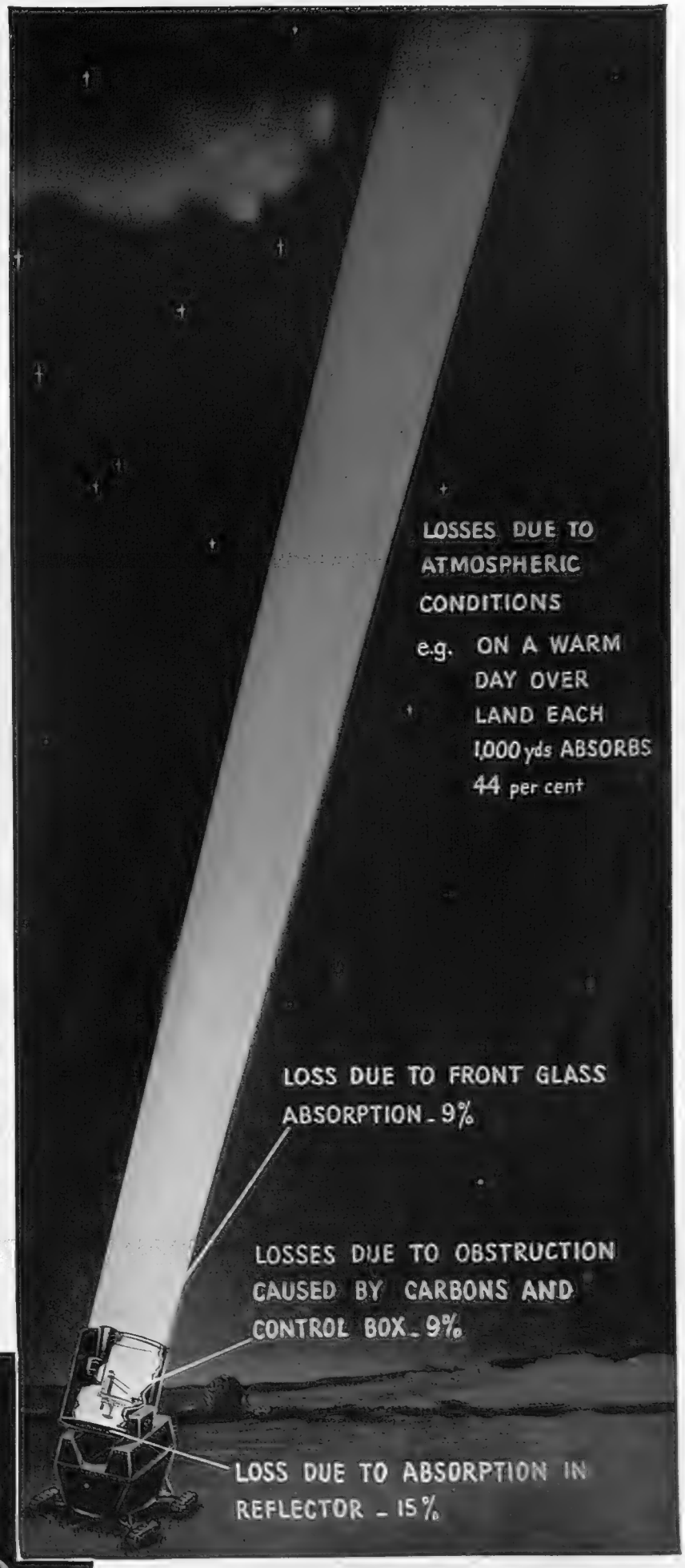


HOW YOU WIDEN OR NARROW THE SEARCHLIGHT BEAM: Anyone watching a display of searchlight work will observe that some beams are wider than others. The width can be regulated by advancing or retarding the point of light. Note how the dotted line beam narrows

NOW INCREASING IN SIZE FOR SPECIAL PURPOSES: Here is an example of the way of the drum and carrier are increasing in all directions. So much bigger has the carrier that the controller seen on the left has to be provided with a seat raised several feet above the ground

ODDEST THINGS WHEN DETACHED: you will see that there is another is all reflected in the mirror. The a stand for one of the crew, one of by increasing size

THE DRUM MOVES IN ACCORDANCE WITH TELEPHONED INSTRUCTIONS: This member of the searchlight's crew does not try to find the enemy plane with his own eyes. He stands with earclips in position and listens in to his instructions; the drum follows these and the target should be found



WHY THE BEAM LOSES A PROPORTION OF ITS ORIGINAL POWER: The light is of tremendous strength inside the drum and the mirror tries to send it all outwards into the sky. But all the light does not get to the target. Here on this diagram are shown some of the causes for a gradual diminution of the light from its first intense brilliancy. The reflector itself is not quite perfect: 15 per cent. is lost at the start. Carbons and control box take 9 per cent., while the front glass takes another 9 per cent., and then comes the intervening atmosphere which tries to take away 44 per cent. every 3,000 ft. In spite of all these subtractions, the modern beam is a marvellously powerful one and an immense development from earlier days

THE CONVOYS ARE STILL COMING SAFELY TO PORT: *Some Striking New Pictures*

THE NAVAL ESCORT VESSEL KEEPS WATCH OVER HER FLOCK OF ASSORTED MERCHANTMEN AT SEA

Despite the menace of the U-boats and air attacks, Britain's world-wide trade is being carried on by thousands of vessels, and the success of the Convoy system can be judged by the exceedingly small percentage of shipping that has been sunk. According to figures recently issued by the Admiralty, out of 12,816 British, Allied and neutral ships escorted to their destinations in Convoy, only 28 were lost. In the same statement it was said that out of 1,614 neutral ships convoyed only 2 had been lost. There is little wonder, as the authorities state, that the neutrals are showing an increasing desire to join in British escorts! Owing to the brilliant successes of the British Navy in Norway, whereby the Germans have lost over one-third of their surface ships, the danger from sea-raiders is a lessening one: as for German submarines, this menace, too, is rapidly diminishing, One day it may no longer be necessary to Convoy at all!

ON BOARD AN ESCORTING VESSEL—HIGH-ANGLE GUNS AND GUN CREW READY FOR INSTANT ACTION

The North Sea has not been a cheerful place during the past winter months of intense cold and driving snowstorms; but the work of escorting the Convoys has proceeded without a halt. The pictures reproduced here were taken aboard an escorting vessel of an East Coast Convoy proceeding south

WATCHFUL WAITING—THE GUN CREW STAND BY AT ACTION STATIONS ON THE ESCORT VESSEL, READY FOR ANY EMERGENCY

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MOURED CORPS

to be One of the Smartest and cient Bodies of Men in the Army

By NOEL THOMPSON

(With Special Illustrations)

training to be wireless operators, studying instruments and sending messages.

On an average, Phase I men have twenty lectures a week, and I should add to these lectures a really admirable idea, that is, voluntary lectures in spare time at night. These are popular, and men can learn further mechanics, and also study French and German. Later it is hoped to have classes in Economics, so that the men can prepare for peace again.

The gymnasium was full, as it is most of the day, and I could tell at a glance almost exactly how long the batches had been in the Army. The difference between the first week and fourth week men was outstanding, and I recalled a remark made by another man in the train: "I've never felt so blinkin' fit in my life and never thought I should." And he was a former farm labourer.

And so to the gunnery section, about which I may not write too much. There was the section with coloured panoramas for teaching eye training and the gauging of ranges; the dummy guns on stands which rock to give the impression of movement, and on which the beginner learns the art of aiming. A spot light, which he cannot see, shows the instructor how well he is keeping on the target. I failed even in this mild test to hold the target for long. The whole system, from the recruit seeing ammunition for the first time and learning elementary principles, is so well graded and so clearly demonstrated that at the end of half an hour I felt quite a theoretical expert. The working of the turret control alone took days to learn until a simple wooden model, made by one of the instructors, was produced. This takes a matter of hours now.

THE SERGEANTS ARE TYPICAL OF A HAPPY ESTABLISHMENT: THEY HAVE A BRIGHT ARMY MESS CONSISTING OF THREE ROOMS

Past the vast repair and maintenance sheds to the last and most important spot of all, the pellet range. All the men have a course here (although the gunners naturally have a much fuller one). I am only going to describe my own sensations and experiences because I can think of no way of giving a clearer picture.

Various types of guns are fixed on a skeleton chassis resembling the interior of a tank. In front is a sandy panorama, dotted with little houses, bushes, clumps of trees, sheds, and objects which can be moved in and out of cover, giving an impression of what a machine-gunner in a tank might expect to see at a range up to 1,800 yds. At the back a target revolves at the rate of twice a minute.

Fitted to the gun is an ordinary air-gun, firing pellets, so that the exact result of firing can be tested. I clambered in and took the gunner's seat and tried to remember instructions. Right eye glued to the rubber eye-piece, forehead pressed firmly against the rubber bumper. With my left hand I could revolve the turret. With feet braced on the floor, by shoulder and arm pressure I could

AFTER A TRACK HAS BEEN REPAIRED IT HAS TO BE REPLACED—AN OPERATION REQUIRING SKILL: HERE "RUBY III" IS BACKING ON TO ONE OF HER TRACKWAYS

move the gun sideways and upwards until the graticules showed I was on the target. Alas, I had forgotten to set the range. It was difficult enough stationary, but when the electrical power was turned on and I started to rise and fall and swing and sway as though in a tank, it seemed to me impossible to think of everything and keep on the target. I must have been a menace to anything 300 yards on either side, or above, my target.

As I clambered out I could understand how one man the previous day had failed in his test. He had been in a tank in the open and was ordered to fire on his distant officer while the tank was moving. If the officer can see a flash lasting ten seconds—the flash comes from a light and not the bullets or shell—he knows the gun has been well sighted and the target annihilated. The unfortunate man was only on the target for a second. I still wonder how he managed that. But in a month's time he'll probably hold it for twenty seconds.

It's a complicated life altogether, but I never found a man who would not rather be there than in any other branch. One figure was given me, that 50 per cent. of the men are terribly keen to get on, 30 per cent. willing and anxious to learn, and 20 per cent. only interested. None bored, note, whether mechanic driver or gunner. And they are proud of their behaviour in public. The Chief Constable in the neighbouring town praised them and added, "I'd give anything for a body of special constables from the Tank Corps."

THE TRACK GOES THROUGH LOTS OF MUD, AND LUBRICATION MUST BE GENEROUS

OWING TO THE CONSIDERABLE VIBRATION AND GENERAL STRAIN, A TRACK REQUIRES CONSTANT ATTENTION; HERE ONE IS BEING TIGHTENED UP AFTER THE DAY'S WORK

A TRACK FREQUENTLY HAS TO BE TAKEN OFF FOR INSPECTION; IT IS NO LIGHT WEIGHT EVEN FOR EIGHT MEN

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER: Lilian Braithwaite and Margaret Rawlings in *A House in the Square* at the St. Martin's. The play is a study of three generations of women, starting with the Suffragette movement in 1910 and concluding with an impression of to-day's "militant pacifist"

THIS WEEK in the THEATRE

Two Plays and Two Revues Discussed by PHILIP PAGE

THE programmes at the Old Vic just now contain the information that this theatre "has been continuously in use as a place of entertainment since 1818." That is not strictly true. There had been no entertainment of any kind there from the outbreak of war until last week, which is far too long a gap to justify the use of that word "continuously."

Any argument that Shakespeare in war-time is not a feasible proposition, that obstacles are enormous and so forth, simply won't wash. If Shakespeare can be given in Paris in war-time (I saw *Richard III* there a couple of months ago, and it is, I believe, still running), it should not have taken the Old Vic nearly eight months to do it in London. Moreover, we have already had a short but most interesting Shakespearean season at the Kingsway Theatre, thanks to the pluck of that admirable actor, Mr. Donald Wolfit. Thus did private enterprise step in where the Old Vic, which enjoys all sorts of official and semi-official consideration, obviously feared to tread.

However, some atonement has been made — there was need for it — by this production of *King Lear*. There is no play of Shakespeare more difficult to produce and to act than this grim, strange and unwieldy piece of genius. Mr. Lewis Casson and Mr. H. Granville Barker (whose name it is good to see again) have made an eminently successful job of it. I doubt the wisdom of allowing only one interval, with a first part of over two hours, for, genius or no, "Lear" is heavy going. But the changes of scene were swift and the scenes themselves a tactful combination of mediæval pageantry and war-time economy.

Any actor who plays Lear at all deserves a pat on the back, so Mr. John Gielgud, who plays him very well, deserves several. Other excellent performances by Mr. Jack Hawkins, Mr. Nicholas Hannen, Miss Fay Compton, and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt.

I suppose I shall be called a Philistine if I say that the Fool in this play is the most irritating bore of all the Shakespearean clowns — and that is saying something. Often have I been told that the part is not intended to be funny. Be that as it may, if Mr. Stephen Haggard's leaps and posturings and coy chirrupings were not intended to be funny, for what were they intended? But any actor who essays the part in any way should be commended for his courage.

"Up and Doing."—Mr. Leslie Henson made a rather pathetic reference to the passing of the Gaiety Theatre in one of his *compère*-ish speeches, but that was the only pathetic note in this bright revue at the Saville, which, with the exception of some musical sentimentalism and the inevitable (and, to me, very boring) dancing at great length on a half-lit stage, is brightness itself.

The company is, on the whole, better than the stuff given them to handle, some of which must have been a hard nut to crack, and a chestnut at that. However, Mr. Henson cleverly pulled our legs by giving a new twist to the long, long and old, old yarn about the elephant and its benefactor. He was vastly funny as a pianist having a shot at Rachmaninoff's "Prelude," in sketches both Lancashire and French, in a cross-talk turn with Mr. Stanley Holloway (first-rate throughout).

He has plenty of more than able partners in fun, notably the amazingly brilliant Miss Binnie Hale, with impersonations of Miss Frances Day, Miss Evelyn Laye, and a French mother as her high spots, and Mr. Cyril Ritchard. Mr. Ritchard is now in the very front rank of revue comedians. Miss Patricia Burke, the best pantomime principal boy I ever saw, here establishes herself as the leading singing *ingenue*; she looks lovely and sings exquisitely.

"New Faces."—This revue at the Comedy, which is on a smaller scale and, as its title implies, has a cast of less established distinction, is also a longish show, with some chestnutty patches. Months ago I laughed loud at that story of the two pigeons who where supposed to have got on to a tube train at Trafalgar Square. And here is Mr. Eric Maschwitz dramatising the darn thing! But this was a shorter and less pretentious episode than a ballet which I, honestly, together with some of my colleagues, took on the first night to be a deliberate piece of fun—and said so. It seems that it was meant to be taken seriously. Sorry. Mr. Maschwitz has, I gather, now decreed that it shall henceforth be regarded as burlesque. Which is a tribute both to his good sense and his good temper.

Miss Betty Ann Davies and Mr. Charles Hawtrey are not "new faces" to me but there is no disputing the cleverness of these two young people. Miss Zoe Gail is a real newcomer and a very electric one. She dances beautifully.

"Abraham Lincoln."—The late John Drinkwater's play was first produced over twenty years ago, and it has several times been revived. But I have never seen it better acted than it is at the Westminster, with Mr. Stephen Murray as the President. His voice, his gait and his general bearing are, incidentally, those of a middle-aged man; yet he is, I am told, only twenty-seven. And there are other qualities in his performance than fidelity to what one presumes the original to have been.

The play itself not only does not date but, in certain passages, is astonishingly topical. It is ably produced and more than efficiently acted.

ZOE GAIL tells why she is a "Fallen Angel." Her rendering of this song and her dancing are among the highlights of the revue *New Faces* at the Comedy Theatre

LILLI PALMER as she appears in *Ladies Into Action*, by Ivor Novello, at the Lyric. The beautiful dresses worn by Miss Palmer and Miss Isabel Jeans are by Norman Hartnell

On right—THE FRANCO-BRITISH CONCERT: President Lebrun was in the audience, which consisted chiefly of French and British service men, when Gracie Fields, Maurice Chevalier, and other leading artistes of the British and French stage took part in the Franco-British concert held recently at the Paris Opera House. President Lebrun is seen standing between Gracie Fields and Jack Hylton

THE ROYAL FAMILY

Carry on With Their Many War-time Activities

PRINCESS ELIZABETH WAS FOURTEEN ON SUNDAY LAST: Princess Elizabeth spent her fourteenth birthday with the King and Queen and her sister, Princess Margaret, at Windsor. She received many presents by post, including one from the Duke of Windsor. Among the gifts from the King and Queen was the fourteenth pearl for the necklace which they are giving her, adding a pearl each year until she is twenty-one. The birthday party was held on the preceding day, when the Princess entertained half a dozen young friends

THE KING AND QUEEN HAVE A BUSY WEEK: Their Majesties, among many other activities, visited some munition works last week. They were attended by the Countess Spencer, Sir Eric Miéville and Commander Harold Campbell, R.N. The Queen questioned the various workers as to their particular tasks: the little 2-pdr. tracer shells did not escape her notice

THE AIR FORCE WAS NOT MISSED OUT DURING THE MIDLANDS TOUR: The Queen is here seen watching trainees in an engineering class at a Royal Air Force School of Technical Training. An actual class was in progress when the Queen entered. On the blackboard the sectional drawing had just been completed. Here again Her Majesty showed her wonderful quickness in entering into the particular work which she is examining

THE DUCHESS OF KENT AS AN OFFICER OF THE WRENS a few days ago paid a visit to a training establishment of the Women's Royal Naval Service. The Duchess also attended the centenary matinee in aid of the New Zealand War Services Association at His Majesty's Theatre with Lady Herbert

QUEEN MARY, TOO, SPENDS AN ACTIVE DAY IN THE WEST COUNTRY: Queen Mary paid a visit to the Hospital Supply Headquarters. On her departure Her Majesty expressed her great appreciation of the work and had a cheery smile for the guard of honour provided by members of the Red Cross Women's Detachment. Queen Mary's interest in art matters has also not slackened. A few days ago she went round the water-colour exhibition at Princes' Gallery

Landings of the Allied Troops.—From various reports it seems certain that landings have been made at some five or six points along the Norwegian coast, and that these landings have been carried out without any loss of life or any kind of mishap. One landing was evidently at Andalsnes, at the head of the famous Romsdal Fiord, to the south of Trondheim, where the Germans are established in some strength, and another at Namsos to the north, where the British were able to join with the Norwegian forces stationed at Steinkjer. There is no certainty about a landing at Laerdal, on the Sogne Fiord, though it seems very probable. A mountain road from this point leads to Lake Mjosa, north of Oslo, where fighting has been taking place. Landings have been made to the north of Narvik, and British forces are definitely stated to be at various points on Narvik Bay

TROMSÖ, THE MOST NORTHERLY REPORTED LANDING

WHERE BRITISH FORCES

All the Points at which Stockholm

AMONG all the conflicting reports from Norway during the past week at least one thing stands out: Germany has not found Norway the willing victim she expected. In spite of all her preparations, in spite of treachery at nearly all key points, which enabled her to make easy landings, Norway's King and Government have rejected her "protection" and are holding out against her forces. From the orders given to German soldiers to remember that the Norwegians were liberty-loving, that they were anti-Nazi, that they loved England, and that therefore they must avoid political arguments and try to be good-humoured, show that Hitler expected to occupy Norway, as he did Denmark, without a struggle. Something went wrong with the plan and Norway is proving somewhat difficult.

PANORAMA OF NORMAL SHIPPING IN NARVIK HARBOUR SEEN FROM THE TOWN

HARSTAD LIES OUTSIDE WEST FIORD (NARVIK)

It is thought that Germany hoped to transport a fully-equipped German force of some 30,000 men, but one estimate of her total force scattered at various points is 18,000 men. Several transport ships are held up in Denmark fearing the minefields and British submarines, while perhaps several thousands have been lost in the sunk transport ships through the action of the British Navy. But in spite of comparative smallness of numbers the Germans have been able to capture all the chief towns of Norway, and to hold the important centres of industry. The small Norwegian army, hastily mobilised, was only able to maintain authority in the north and centre.

BODÖ (SOUTH OF NARVIK) WITH ITS STRANGE MOUNTAIN FORMATIONS SEEN ON THE RIGHT

THE ROAD TO NAMSOS FROM TRONDHEIM

Having occupied Oslo, the Germans have been moving south-east, men and munitions being conveyed in buses and lorries, carrying some light field-guns and great numbers of machine-guns. Resistance was met at Kongsvinger, to the east of Oslo, at Skarnes, Frederikstad, and Sarpsborg, but the Norwegian troops were very ill-equipped, with scanty ammunition, lacking helmets, and with scarcely any machine-guns. At the present moment the Germans are occupying the whole of the south-eastern corner of Norway.

MOLDE LIES NEAR ROMSDAL FIORD

The western coast towns of Oslo Fiord are also in German occupation from Larvik to the capital city. All the coastal batteries, some of which were manned by loyal Norwegians and did good service on the fatal April 9 when the German ships steamed up the fiord, are now in German hands ready to be turned on British warships. The dockyards of Horten, above Larvik, are busily repairing damaged German ships. In Oslo itself the German Command is not finding the complete submission it desires. The civilian population has not returned in the numbers expected, though a free journey was promised to all who returned before the 20th. Rationing has been introduced, as food supplies are difficult to obtain, the peasants holding on to their stocks.

ANDALSNES, IMPORTANT RAILWAY TERMINUS

Great efforts have been made to get the city working in a normal way, and to persuade the Norwegians that resistance is hopeless. It is evident that all is not well, as General Falkenhorst, the German Commander-in-Chief, has issued proclamations containing warnings to those Norwegians who continue to resist, who are threatened with summary court martial.

The Norwegian forces are holding ground around Lake Mjosa, round Hamar, and to the north of Oslo. Hamar is now said to be occupied by the Germans, though this was also announced several days ago. Elverum, to the east of Hamar, has been severely bombed, but no great advance has been made by the Germans in this district as the country is extremely difficult and can be more easily defended. Unfortunately for the Norwegians they have lost a powder factory at Hönefoss, and an ammunition factory at Kongsberg, both places situated to the west of Oslo.

THE LONG-DRAWN-OUT SOGNE FIORD

Allied landings were reported at all these points

Stavanger possesses the most up-to-date aerodrome in the country and was consequently much desired by Hitler as a vantage ground

ARE SAID TO HAVE LANDED

has declared British Landings in Norway

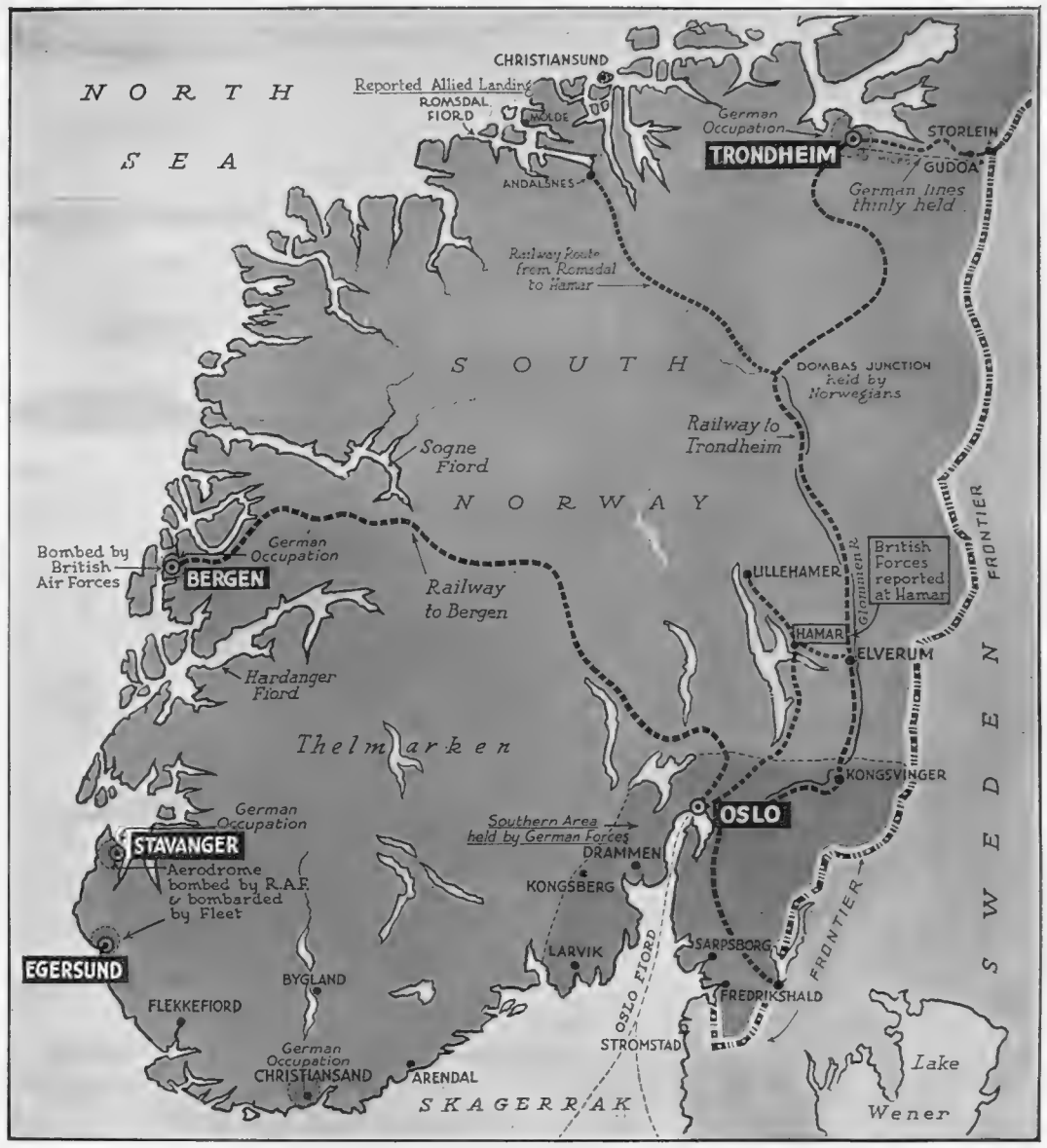
for attacks upon Britain. The R.A.F. have made seven attacks, causing serious damage to the assembled aircraft, some of the hangars, and generally rendering the runways unfit for use. The Navy also has bombed the aerodrome.

But it is at Trondheim that the Germans are obviously expecting a general assault. There have been signs of great activity, bridges have been mined, and anti-aircraft guns mounted. To the original force, estimated at about 1,200 men, further reinforcements have been brought by air, coming via Denmark. The railway to Sweden is held by the Germans but only by very small forces. If they were able to send powerful reinforcements along this line they could cut off the southern half of Norway completely. But the old fortress of Hegra along this line still holds out and is said to have sufficient ammunition to continue, and a Norwegian division is at Steinkjer, to the north of Trondheim fiord, where they are quietly confident of keeping the Germans at bay till the Allied forces can arrive. It seems evident that the British have landed at Namsos, to the north of Trondheim, where a railway connection could be made with the Norwegian force at Steinkjer. Rumour gives colour to the lack of expected reinforcements at Trondheim, where empty trains are said to be waiting to carry German troops to engage the Norwegians.

Away in the north Narvik has been the focal point of conflicting reports, all of them lacking British official confirmation. It is, however, quite certain that a British force is in the immediate neighbourhood, having landed at Harstad, on one of the islands outside Narvik, an operation which was successfully carried out in six hours, after which the naval escort sailed away to leave no sign of the landing. As far as can be gathered from the stories which arrive from Bodö, the wireless station, and from Lulea in Sweden, the British are holding the heads of some of the fiords out of the main Narvik Bay, at Ankenes and Elvegaard on the south and along Hergangsfiord and Elvegaardsmeon on the north. Fully equipped, they have joined up with the Norwegians, bringing light mountain artillery with them, and are now occupying the surrounding mountainous country. But though it has also been confidently stated that the British are occupying the town of Narvik (one correspondent of the Associated Press asserted that he had been arrested by British soldiers on the outskirts of Narvik), it does not seem at all certain that they are actually in the town itself.

The Germans stated firmly on the 17th that "Narvik was and still is in German hands," though they at last admitted the loss of their naval force there and the death of the Commander, Captain Bonte. The Germans have sent small detachments of troops along the railway and have made various excursions from Narvik, but they are running short of food, and their enemies are closing round them.

It has been officially announced by the Admiralty that an Allied Force has been landed at various points on the Norwegian coast, entirely without loss of life, or any mishap whatever.



The Part of Norway Occupied by the Germans.—When the Germans made their descent upon Norway they immediately seized the chief coastal towns of Bergen, Trondheim, Stavanger, and Narvik right in the north. They also occupied Oslo without opposition from the city itself. From the capital they have proceeded to take the towns on the east and west of the fiord, capturing one after the other, till they are now in entire possession of the Ostdal, the south-eastern district of Norway. They hold the country from Frederikshald to Elverum and Hamar. On Sunday it was reported that the British and Norwegians had recaptured Hamar but this proved to be incorrect or premature. The Germans hold only the towns of Bergen and Stavanger—not the surrounding district

The Position Around Trondheim—Hegra Fortress Held.—It seems likely that there will shortly be a struggle for the possession of Trondheim where the Germans are busily preparing against an attack. If the Allied forces have landed at Namsos and Andalsnes, the Germans may be cut off from supplies, except by the air. They had intended to seize the strategical position of Steinkjer, at the head of the fiord, at the same time as they took Trondheim, but were prevented from landing by the ice which was still holding in the narrower parts of the fiord. The Norwegian Fifth Division were able to reach Steinkjer in time

The Adventures of the Men of H.M.S. *Hardy*.—With the return of the men of H.M.S. *Hardy*, the destroyer which went ashore opposite Narvik Harbour, details of their strange adventures have been made public. From conversations with the men, it appears that the five destroyers advanced up Ofoten Fiord on the foggy morning of April 10. During the course of the action H.M.S. *Hardy* set out to turn in order to come into action again. When this manœuvre was three parts completed she was attacked by three German destroyers of a powerful class from a fiord behind them. The *Hardy* was run aground about 400 yards from the shore. On reaching the beach the men were sheltered in a solitary house near by, where they were attended to and partly clothed by a mother and daughter. Rumour spread that the Germans were advancing. A trek of some 12 miles was therefore begun towards Ballengen, a little village, from which the Navy three days later rescued them

REALISATION COMES TO NORWAY'S CAPITAL: The first hours and days in Oslo presented some extraordinary scenes. At first, the fact that Germany had actually invaded their country seemed scarcely realised, Norway having been so long inured in the ways of peace. Then realisation came and large numbers of the citizens poured out into the countryside. There were runs upon the banks; one such is shown above

EVIDENCE OF HOW SPARSELY OSLO WAS HELD DURING THE FIRST OCCUPATION: The three pictures given here illustrating the condition of affairs in Oslo during the initial stage of the German occupation are the first photographic records to reach this country from Norway of those astonishing days. German bands went marching through the streets playing cheerful tunes, lulling the citizens into the belief that everything was happy and bright. Then as the forces of Germany were augmented, these psychological manœuvres ceased altogether

HELD BY A HANDFUL OF ARMED PICKETS: Oslo was taken by surprise when the German advance guard appeared in her streets. Young men of military age were seen walking about, no proper arrangements having been made for a rapid mobilisation. Later, the news leaked out of bogus telephone orders having been sent to military posts; all the technique of Germany for the penetration of a neighbour's territory by subtlety was employed to the full, with the result that a big capital city was held by a mere handful of men

FOUR GERMANS FROM A SUNKEN U-BOAT RESCUED BY THE BRITISH NAVY: These four men formed part of a German submarine's crew seen afloat after the vessel had been sunk by a British destroyer. Some of the men had been rescued with their escape apparatus still on them; this particular four had taken to one of the submarine's rubber boats. These and the other men were rescued by the Navy and taken ashore with all care for their needs

TWO FURTHER RESCUES OF THE ENEMY BY THE ROYAL NAVY: No distinction is made by the Navy when a man is in jeopardy in the sea. Every effort is made to rescue friend or foe alike. Here are two recent cases of such rescues from sunken German vessels standing on board a British destroyer under guard

A FINE RECORD BY ONE OF BRITAIN'S SUBMARINES: H. M. Submarine *Snapper*, commanded by Lieut. D. W. King, has done splendid work in the Norwegian operations and is reported to have sunk four or possibly five German ships—transports and ore carriers. This group of four German prisoners, under military guard, was landed a few days ago from the submarine *Snapper*

FIRST PICTURES FROM OCCUPIED OSLO: RECORDS OF BRITISH HUMANITY ON THE SEA

TRULY RURAL: The post office at Rampisham (pronounced Ramson), Dorset, with its thatched roof. The cottage next door was once the village inn and it is approached by a water-splash and foot-bridge

POST OFFICE AND NATIONAL MONUMENT: The old fourteenth-century cottage at Tintagel, Cornwall. Its roof sagging with age, it is now the property of the National Trust

WITH DOVES AROUND THE DOOR: A view of the local post office in the tiny village of Mansel Lacy, Herefordshire, where the postmistress keeps doves and pigeons

AT HARTLAND, DEVON: Delivering the post in the village which is "farthest from the railway" in England; it is actually 16 miles from the nearest station

100 YEARS OF POSTAGE STAMPS

The postage stamp was born in May, 1840. An exhibition in aid of the Red Cross held in the London Museum replaces the International Exhibition at Earl's Court planned in peace-time. In 1840, 76,000,000 letters were posted; to-day the number is twenty times greater. A century ago people were busy cutting slits in their front doors for this new-fangled idea. Until the 1d. post was introduced it cost 4d. to send a letter 15 miles and up to 1s. 5d. for 700 miles. Before the days of envelopes one sheet of paper counted as a "single letter," two sheets as double. The pillar-box, dating from 1856, is one of the innovations introduced in the Victorian Age—but the Queen is said to have wanted them painted red, white, and blue!

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

TWO WARS in SPAIN

The Recent Civil War and the Napoleonic Invasion Vie for Pride of Place Among This Week's Books

ONE book that I have read this week has haunted me, and it is a book that I can recommend to readers of every political colour. Whatever views one held about the Spanish war, and it is not so long past that one cannot remember the division that it caused, even in English circles, there is no doubt that Constancia de la Mora's autobiography is the record of as passionate a loyalty as any cause has known.

IN PLACE OF SPLENDOUR (Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is the autobiography of a Spanish woman, still only thirty-three, who with her husband, General Cisneros, was one of the heroic figures of the Spanish struggle. "She was a legend," writes Ernest Hemingway, "and this book shows why."

Constancia de la Mora was born into an extremely rich and aristocratic family. Her grandfather was a distinguished Prime Minister, and she herself was raised in the most orthodox, and consequently narrow Spanish social conventions. Her childhood was lonely, stiff and unhappy, in spite of the luxury which was a commonplace to her family and to their friends. A year or two at school in England brought her an infinitesimal measure of freedom and a glimpse of what an independent life might be.

Back in Spain and enduring her first seasons which, she admits, had their entertaining side, she decides to marry against her parents' wishes, but the marriage is a failure and she gets a legal separation. Later she was to be the first woman to be divorced and re-married under the new divorce law, for it had not been, until about eight years ago, legal in Spain. Her marriage to Ignacio de Cisneros, the air ace, confirmed her Republican tendencies, and at the beginning of the war she became, in her own words, "a citizen of Spain."

The greater part of the book is devoted to an account of her life during the years of that war and, since her life was so closely bound up in her party's cause, it becomes, too, an account of the progress of the war itself. Constancia de la Mora has some hard things to say about England and its policy of non-intervention and some bitter things to say about the French. Sometimes you will find her loyalties so one-sided that you may be impatient. There were surely, for instance, more than a handful of Spaniards fighting side by side with those German and Italian troops? The writer almost implies that the Spanish people stood solid against an army of foreigners, directed by a small number of rebels and traitors.

On many points she is fanatic, so that her version of events is not always reliable, but against this must be set the life that she led during those years, constantly under bombardment, constantly overworked, as head of the Foreign Press Bureau, with no money, though this was the least of her troubles, without security and often without sleep. To the very last day, and in the very last corner of Spain, she and her husband refused to recognise defeat.

Napoleon invaded Spain in 1808, thereby committing, in the words of the First Lord of the Admiralty, as great a strategic and political blunder as a more recent dictator has done by his invasion of Scandinavia.

In her new historical novel, **THE SPANISH BRIDE** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), Miss Georgette Heyer is ambitious enough to cover the whole of the Peninsular War, from the storming of Badajos to the battle of Toulouse, which culminated in the proclamation of the restored Bourbons. Thence the action moves for a brief passage to America; and its climax is worked out on the battlefield of Waterloo.

It is, in fact, a novel of campaigning, in which battle follows upon battle, since it is the story of the romance of Wellington's famous A.D.C., Sir Harry Smith, who, with his Spanish bride, subsequently gave names to the two South African towns of Ladysmith and Harrismith.

Harry Smith first met Doña Juana Maria de los Dolores de Léon at the storming of Badajos, with which the book opens. She was fourteen years of age, and as attractive a heroine as was ever conceived in or out of historical romance. With her beloved Harry she endured all the hardships of the campaign, went through the battles of Salamanca and Vittoria, encountered tough adventure in the fighting in the Pyrenees, and, except for the brief period when he was in America, never left Harry's side.

Miss Heyer has evidently drawn considerably upon the lively autobiography of Harry Smith himself, nor could she have chosen to work with better material. That she has also succeeded in bringing to life the Peninsular campaign, and in re-creating once more the Battle of Waterloo, at the same time never getting her hero and heroine out of the focus of real human beings, marks her maturity as an historical novelist.

NATIVE SON (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) is an American novel dealing with what is essentially an American problem; the problem of the "bad nigger" who grows up in sordid and entirely urban surroundings, and from these hopeless conditions, and from a growing but obscure resentment of white people, reaches maturity as a cowardly and yet a violent creature.

Such a man is Bigger, the young negro of Mr. Richard Wright's sensational story. He shares a room with his mother, brother and sister and in the daytime hangs round a pool parlour with louts of his own age, planning petty crimes and swaggering to hide the deadly boredom of a workless existence. Bigger, however, gets a job, as chauffeur to a philanthropic millionaire, and there his tragedy begins.

His first orders are to drive this man's daughter to an evening lecture, but on the way she redirects him to a rendezvous with her Communist lover. These two persuade Bigger to drink with them in a rather self-conscious effort at fraternisation, and before long they are all quite drunk. Bigger helps the girl back to her room and is just stumbling away, only too glad to be rid of the tiresome responsibility, when he hears footsteps. To stop the girl from calling out he presses a pillow over her face and suffocates her.

Then his terror, and its horrifying sequel begins. He dismembers the body and tries to burn it in the central heating furnace. He is chased over rooftops. He murders his own woman in a panic. He is caught, interrogated and tried. Finally, with only a few hours between him and the electric chair he tries, inarticulately, to get some order into his thoughts. Nobody wants to hear them, but for himself he must formulate his reasons for killing, and for the rebellious feeling which has been his lifelong companion.

If you read this book simply as a shocker, it will certainly give you your money's worth; if you choose to decipher its other implications, you will find an impressive and moving appeal for understanding.

The five long stories of Mr. Ben Hecht's **BOOK OF MIRACLES** (Nicholson and Watson. 8s.) show a very different man from the author of some of Hollywood's brightest and most inconsequential scripts. They present him sometimes in the light of a dignified Jewish chronicler, sometimes as an irreverent but learned student of hagiology and occasionally, as in his last story about the ant with the soul of a professor who journeys to the White House and saves the country from a plague of termites, as a writer with first-rate fantastic invention.

When Mr. Hecht is solemn, though, he makes rather uneasy reading. His flippancies about God and his divine prescience are not so much shocking, though I suspect that was their intention, as in slightly bad taste. They will offend, though they lack the power to outrage. Another transmigration theme—a man's soul is imprisoned in a steel girder which is used in the highest building in New York, and is watched over by a pair of slightly weary angels—is less successful than the ant and the President story.

Somehow Mr. Hecht has fallen between two stools, the mystic and the comic, and he has not been able, even by a miracle, to summon up a safe middle seat.

PORTRAIT OF PAMELA (Collins. 9s. 6d.) might have been subtitled, by someone with less respect for historical tradition than Miss Joan Haslip, "From Bournemouth to the Bourbons," since it records the career of a young girl, supposedly the illegitimate daughter of the Duke of Orleans, smuggled to Christchurch as a baby and brought back, as a beautiful young girl, to the licentious world of the Palais Royal.

In the years before the French revolution Pamela was used as a foil by her ambitious mother, and played her little part in the plot to put her father on the throne. Later, when the Terror was at its height, Pamela married young Lord Edward Fitzgerald and went with him to Ireland, only to lose him through yet another revolutionary plot.

Miss Haslip has the right manner for these matters, romantic, readable, and curiously soothing. The blood and the tears are there, but at a comfortable distance, and even as she writes of sorrows Miss Haslip remembers the elegances. This book should be popular.

FASHION ENJOINS CAUTION

A hat-band on which is embroidered a reminder of the virtues of a still tongue which, in times such as these, may save many lives

A scarf serving the purpose of warming and warning

Fashion is lending a hand in the campaign against enemy agents. The need for caution is emphasised in embroidery on hat-bands, scarves, and veils. This is the latest war-time fashion for women of this country and is similar to that of the Frenchwomen who started the idea with the same cautions in French.

SLOGANS FOR CHATTERERS

Woollen words of wisdom are embroidered on this veil for all to mark and learn. This war-time innovation originated in France

SUMMER LIGHTING

Whatever plans you may be nourishing for the home this summer let them include some measures for making the lighting system a more perfect one. Perhaps you have been putting up with makeshift measures. Many have, and the worst of these have been dimmed lights. The problem of making windows completely light-proof has encouraged the use of electric lamps less powerful than one would normally choose. 15-watt and 25-watt lamps have replaced the usual 60-watt and 100-watt, with disastrous effect upon the spirits and the eyesight. One may be unaware of strain upon the vision from inadequate lighting but where lamps of such low wattage are customarily used it is pretty certain to be there and if your eyes are not noticeably affected now they will be later. This is a good time to reorganise the lighting system of your home.

Strip lighting around the cornice throws a softly diffused light upon the tinted ceiling of this dining-room. Decorative wall brackets and a Venetian glass pendant give supplementary light. General Electric Company

Lighting concealed behind the cornice gives an individual lighting scheme to this inglenook. The light is bright enough for practical purposes yet soft enough to unite well with firelight. General Electric Company

Local lighting is excellent, inasmuch as it gives illumination precisely where it is most needed and keeps the glare from windows. It is economical, too, since it can be used intermittently and only when required. Lamps for this type of illumination are made so that they give a strong local light without glare, and at the same time produce a soft general light which is decorative and intimate in its effect.

The General Electric Company have lately produced a most ingenious fixture for which most homes can find a use. This is a light fitting in the form of a bracket which can be suspended from any picture rail. Being portable, it can be used almost anywhere and its adjustability permits illumination to be controlled almost exactly as required. There are no installation difficulties, for a length of flex and a plug to the nearest lighting point are sufficient to connect it. It is, moreover, a very charming little thing in itself and can be had in either chromium, bronze, or an oxidised silver finish.

Strip lighting is worth remembering while local illumination is under consideration. A tube of softly tinted light around a dressing-table mirror, or even in the centre of a dining-table, is a practical way of concentrating light where it is most needed and can be very decorative in its effect. In this case it is generally necessary to implement the strip lighting in some way, the best for most purposes being table lamps and standards which are always charming.

French windows which open into a living room present some difficulties in summer time so far as night lighting and the black-out are concerned, but it should be possible to minimise this trouble by hanging the curtains from a curved rail which leaves sufficient room between the curtains and the doors for a person to stand and open or close them with ease.

FROM MANNEQUIN TO MOTOR DRIVER: Mrs. Evelyn Steel, daughter of Sir Bernard Spilsbury, who is a mannequin by day and ambulance driver by night

THE FEMININE ARM OF THE LAW: Policewoman D. Sapple, of Manchester's Women Police, who went on duty in uniform for the first time early this month

Ah! more letters since I gave him a Swan

Now you know why some people are such regular correspondents —they possess Swan Pens! For it is a characteristic of the Swan that it *invites* you to write—and to go on writing, because of its inimitable ease in action. And, of course, there is a Swan to suit *any* style of handwriting. So give him a Swan—and you will never want for letters!

SWAN PENS

AT PEACE-TIME PRICES: Leverless Swans, 17/6 to 42/-. Visofil Swans, 25/-. Lever-filling Swans from 10/6. Blackbird Pens, 7/6 (Ladies' size, 8/6). Fyne-Poynt Pencils from 5/-. Of all Stationers and Jewellers.

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BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

"It's not like the days before the War"—*or is it?*

No doubt you've often heard this familiar saying. But as far as we at Bernard Weatherill are concerned—it *is* like the days before the War, or near enough as makes little difference.

Most of us are at present reviewing our wardrobes to see if we can economise by making last year's Spring and Summer suitings suffice a little longer. It's a temptation of course—but not such an agreeable temptation as a *new suit at a truly reasonable price!* That is what we are offering, in spite of the all-round increase in the cost of materials and labour. No—we are not philanthropists; it is merely that we had the foresight to lay in very large ranges of materials—mostly before prices advanced.

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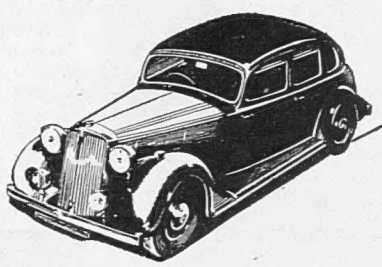
TO ROVER OWNERS



Under normal conditions many of you would now be considering the purchase of a new Rover. For the time being the claims of H.M.'s Government on the resources of the Rover factories compel you to wait. But, if you will take advantage of the Rover service facilities which are being fully maintained throughout the country, your present Rover will remain a valuable asset until a normal supply of new models is again available.

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CVS—356

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

WALKING through Berkeley Square on my way to Claridge's I ruminated, as I looked upwards, on the inadvisability of describing any enterprise as being at "the top of the tree." What a precarious position! Especially in relationship to hotels, which are constantly at the mercy of the social, political and economic barometers.

And yet, the solid trees of Berkeley Square are indicative of the British hotel industry whose roots are firmly embedded in our social fabric. The storms of war and depression may occasionally snap off a branch here and there, but the main branches stand firm and secure—no matter what the external element.

One such branch, very outstanding in its gracefulness, is the Savoy-Berkeley-Claridge group, and whilst each reflects the social life of London, Claridge's is a constant mirror of world affairs.

Tall oaks out of little acorns grow. A hundred years ago Mivart's Hotel stood on the corner of Davis Street and Brook Street in Mayfair. Mivart, it is said, was the first man in England to raise the standard of hotels from the posting inn. He was primarily a chef, and the cuisine of his hotel became famous. He provided accommodation for county families visiting London and for aristocratic visitors from abroad. So in its very early days the hotel which is now called Claridge's began to acquire its traditions, and its Royal clientele.

When Mivart retired, a Mr. and Mrs. Claridge bought the hotel—then enlarged to two houses in Davis Street and two in Brook Street. Mr. Claridge had been a butler and his wife a housekeeper and Claridge's prospered exceedingly.

The fact that there were four different houses made it possible for Royal visitors and noblemen, who travelled with a large following, to stay at Claridge's almost as if they were in a private house. They were looked after by their own servants and had their own private drawing rooms and dining rooms. In 1860 Queen Victoria, writing to her uncle, King Leopold of the Belgians, mentioned a visit she had made to Claridge's Hotel, calling on the Empress Eugenie who was staying there.

Towards the end of the century, when Mr. and Mrs. Claridge died, the hotel was bought by its present owners and entirely rebuilt. All through the Edwardian period the new hotel was the most fashionable meeting place of that Society which took its cue from the Court Circle. It was a period during which London was the centre of the world's gaiety, when money was plentiful and the future seemed unobscured. Claridge's became during those years the recognised London home of visiting Royalty, of diplomats, and of the leading families of the world, a position which it still holds to-day.

The hotel has been constantly improved and modernised—a new wing was opened in 1933—and there has never been a feeling of living on its past glories. It has moved forward with the times, adopting such recent improvements as air-conditioned suites as they became perfected.

Standing next to the Guards Club, one minute from Bond Street and Grosvenor Square, Claridge's to-day supplies its visitors with everything money can buy and which many years of experience have taught. Yet it retains the dignified atmosphere of a great private house, a fact which is specially noticeable in the London season when Claridge's is gay with coming-out dances and the great dinner parties for which it has always been famous.

Claridge's not only mirrors fashions. It creates them, and I can foresee that London's latest and lasting fashion will be a causerie at Claridge's Causerie which opened its doors last week. Apart from the alliterative virtue, Claridge's Causerie is well named. Everything has been designed and arranged to promote that lingering feeling. Most of the seating is made for two. In the centre of the Causerie are displayed some forty different varieties of Scandinavian smörgasbord. One pays a fixed price and can either nibble or indulge in a gargantuan feast. Another innovation is that the cocktails are one and a half measures instead of the customary quantity, and they, together with a wide range of alternative drinks, are included in the fixed price for food.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

R. M., Dartmoor.—There are two hotels in Folkestone especially suited to your purpose. The first, the Prince's Hotel, is first-class; and the second, the Dudley Hotel in Trinity Crescent, is, I think, one of the most comfortable private hotels I have yet encountered.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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A few weeks ago an incident was related of a gentleman who, in passing the Headquarters of this Society, caught sight of the figures 1887 inscribed in the wall, and having for long carried in his pocket a jubilee shilling, but thinking of all the children being cared for behind those doors, entered the building and handed over this shilling. Now a kind reader of THE SPHERE has followed his example fourfold, in handing over a jubilee four-shilling piece which had hitherto been his lucky foundation mascot. The Society is most grateful to him. Perhaps other readers have similar coins, or even jubilee coins of greater value, which would go towards helping some poor child. Will you please let it be your "inasmuch" gift? They will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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The Secret Agent's Wife *by Olga L. Rosmanith*

Harry said formally, "Sheila, this is Mr. Guise and this is Mr. Hendrikson. Gentlemen, Mrs. Warren—my wife."

They rose and bowed stiffly. "Sit down again, please," she said, "don't mind me. I've come back for a warmer coat and I'm going right out again."

"I think not," said the dark swarthy one. Adding, as he saw her look of swift anger, "I mean I hope not. We, too, would enjoy your company."

"Sit down, Sheila." Harry pulled out the chair next to him and looked at her with a desperate appeal in his eyes as if he were trying to tell her something. All right, she thought, I'll play up. She threw her hat on the striped satin sofa, pulled off her gloves and sat down.

"Sheila," said Harry, "these gentlemen are under a misapprehension. They think we can be bought into the spy game. Now you know very well I married you for love, but it doesn't alter the fact that with your fortune we don't need to risk our necks. We have money to burn."

Her stomach fluttered with fear and excitement. "We certainly have," she said lightly, taking the bundle of banknotes from her pocket-book and tossing them over to him. Harry peeled off the outer one and touched it to Hendrikson's glowing cigar tip.

Both men grabbed Harry's wrist. Guise snatched the note and crushed out the flame with his fingers. "Himmel! That elementary trick."

Hendrikson, the dark one, smoothed the singed note on the table, stared at it closely back and front, took a phial from his pocket and wiped it over with the liquid. Sheila saw the little muscle in Harry's cheek move as if he remained motionless with intense effort. But he said in a bored voice, "It is just what it appears to be—an untouched genuine Bank of England note."

She saw the black hairs on the thick mottled hand that tossed it to her across the table. "You may have it back," said the hand's owner.

She left it lying there.

"All the same," said the thin, beak-nosed Guise, who looked like a well-dressed vulture, "we might as well finish the job and search the woman."

Sheila leapt to her feet, reckless with fury.

"If either of you dare lay——"

Harry caught her arm. "Be quiet, Sheila—please. This is just one of those things. Our visitors have a duty to perform. I do somewhat resemble a man they seek. The sooner they are convinced I am not that person, the sooner this little session will be over. It will help if you co-operate."

"But, Harry——"

"*Please*, Sheila. We have nothing to hide. But you will bring on us endless annoyance if you make them think you are up to some trickery."

"Oh, very well!"

But she was blazing with temper when the two men had satisfied themselves with impersonal expert thoroughness that she carried nothing suspicious on her person, had treated with chemicals all the rest of the paper money she had brought in, had apologised to her insincerely and had gone. She turned the snib on the door after them and leaned against it. "Well really, Major Warren, what *is* this thing you let me in for?"

"A case of mistaken identity, as I told you."

"But you said——"

He put his hand over her mouth. "That's enough. They showed me a photo. They had good reasons for their suspicion. I'm very like the bloke they thought I was."

Sheila pushed his hand away furiously. "That's no reason for standing abuse from foreigners. Why didn't you ring the bell and raise hell in the hotel?"

"Because an army officer can't afford a scandal. When mud is thrown, some of it sticks."

"So you're a worm, Harry Warren. Well, I'm not. And here we part. I'm going to Cooks's right now to get on the waiting list for a plane before they close!"

Harry went to the windows and flung them open. "Let's get rid of this filthy smoke. Wait a moment, I'll go with you."

They went down in the lift in hostile silence. Harry hailed a taxi crawling along the kerb and pushed Sheila in. "The Bois de la Cambre," he told the driver.

"But, Harry——"

He put his finger to his lips. "Wait, please, I beg of you."

Sheila smouldered in her corner till they reached the Bois de la Cambre on the outskirts of the far-flung Forêt de Soignes. Harry paid off the driver and helped her out.

"Now talk to your heart's content," he said.

"I think it's your turn to do some talking."

He drew her arm through his and led her past the lodge houses into the flaming autumn beauty of the park.

This is an extract from a fine story you will long to finish . . . it's in the April issue!

These contents are included in the 100 pages of entertainment

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By J. H. Stafford

Trent was a brilliant fighter pilot, but he himself was hard to handle. However, a terrific aerial combat with several enemy bombers clears the air and brings an understanding between Trent and his new C.O.

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By Garnett Ratcliffe

This amazing story tells of a French outpost who hear increased activity in the enemy lines. Suddenly a terrific barrage commences and through the flame and smoke strange-looking tanks are seen to fly over the tank-traps and race forward to attack. Here is a glimpse into a future that may yet come true.

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By Arthur Mills

The scene changes. We return to England to follow the thrilling adventures of a spy who successfully obtains vital plans. The spy arrives on time at a secret air-field, but he and his pilot are surprised and captured by a tramp—who has not forgotten he is an ex-serviceman.

HERE ARE TWO OF THE SIX ENTHRALLING ARTICLES

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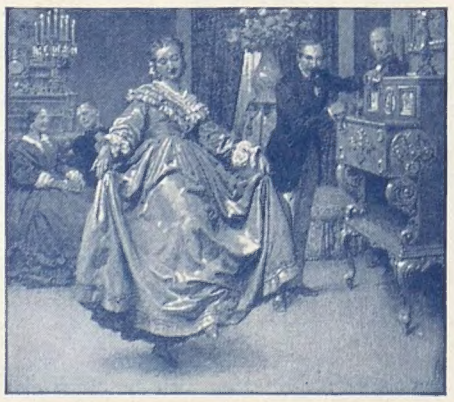
By C. Fox Smith

This enthralling narrative tells of the growth of the Hudson Bay Company. In the early seventeenth century a few gentlemen adventurers set out to trade in furs—a small beginning which meant the acquisition of millions of miles of territory for Britain.



OLD TALES RE-TOLD

Written and Illustrated by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

The latest article in this series tells the pathetic life-story of Eugènie, the last Empress of the French. The illustration on left shows the ill-fated Empress in a merry dance, while the Emperor turns the handle of an instrument resembling a street organ.

HERE ARE A FEW FEATURES WITHIN THE HOME SECTION

FASHIONS

Four pages of new ensembles—hats, frocks, coats, suits, jackets and intriguing decorations; presented by Jean Burnup.

BEAUTY

Three pages of delightful new hair styles worn by famous film stars will help you choose your 1940 coiffure. Also four pages of beauty hints for busy women on or off duty.

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Bright new Spring curtains and interesting colour schemes and room designs. Four pages of ideas which will bring a spring tonic to tired homes.

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Two pages of wartime dishes, cheap to buy and simple to prepare. Also valuable advice on vegetable growing for wartime needs.

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APRIL ISSUE ON SALE NOW—AT ALL BOOKSTALLS AND NEWSAGENTS

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